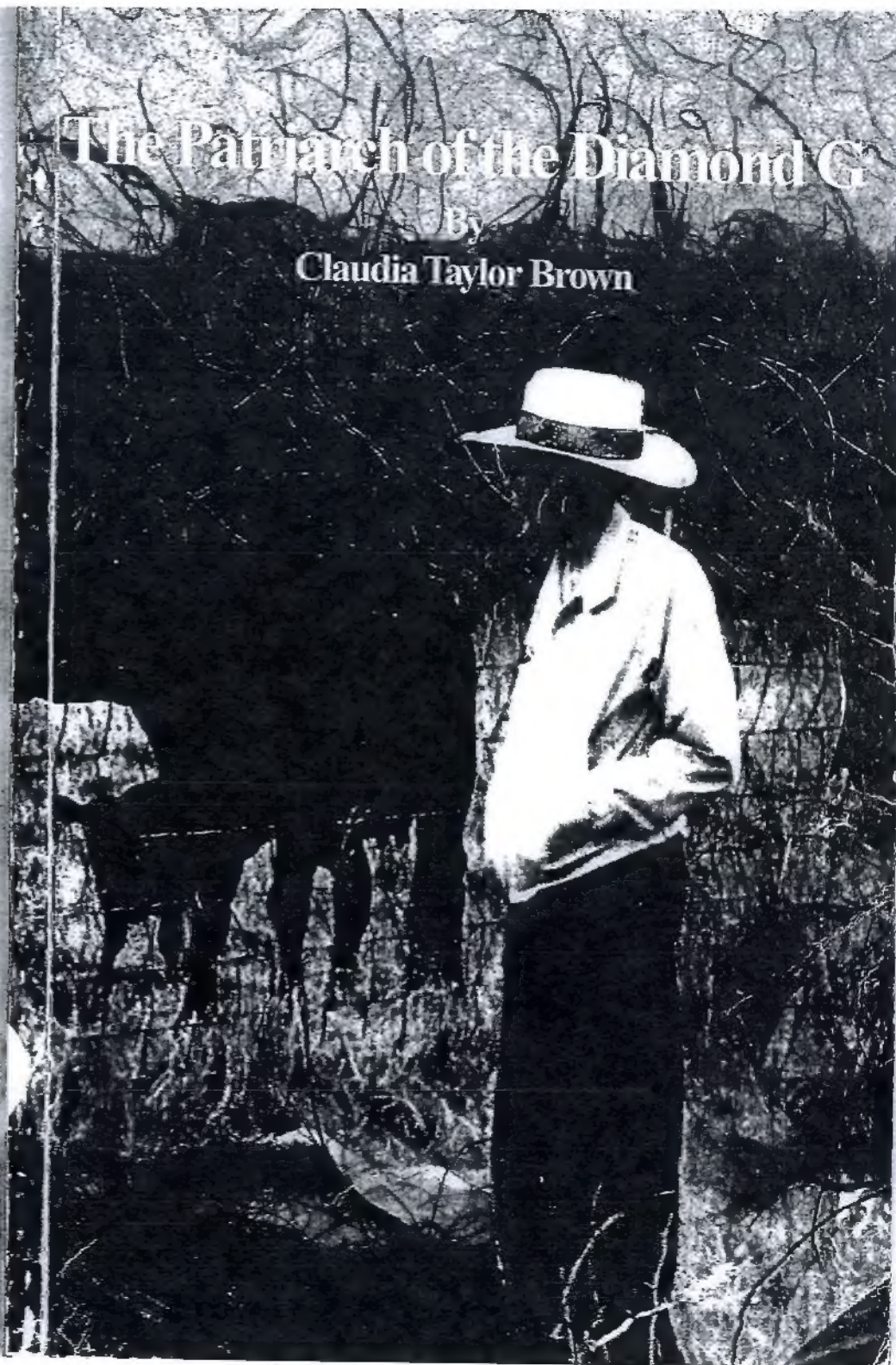


The Pariah of the Diamond G

By

Claudia Taylor Brown



The Patriarch of the Diamond G

The Life and Times of Robert Henley Givens

by

Claudia Taylor Brown

*to
The Baker Block Museum
from Claudia Taylor Brown
4/25/01*

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Carlsbad, California

The Patriarch of the Diamond G

Claudia Taylor Brown was born in Alabama in the last few hours of the Roaring Twenties, delivered by her Father's Uncle, Dr. Ray (known to all by the familiar name, Bud-Tom). She was born at home, and went to school in Andalusia, then to college at Auburn University where she met her, soon to be Engineer, husband, Reese.

Claudia studied art and education at Auburn. She later became a professional artist.

The Browns have 3 children, and 2 grandchildren, all Westerners.

"I always wanted to write", says Claudia, "When I read that Mac Hartley could teach anyone to write in his Life Writing classes, I signed up. We learned to write stories. A book was another matter! I can always go back to my art!"

Claudia was the second grandchild of Rose Henley Givens. Dorothy Taylor (Pippin), her sister, was the first.



Dorothy Taylor (Pippin), Claudia Taylor (Brown), 1949

Credits



**My Husband, Reese Brown, Jr.,
Editor in Chief, age 2**



**My Daughter, Mary Angelyn Brown,
Assistant Editor, age 1**

Thanks also to: Boecky Yalof for reading and reviewing drafts of this book. Many relatives, especially Robert and Doris Givens helped, and Mac Hartley for proof reading, and advice. Aunt Opal sent most of the pictures from WW2 and many others while Mary Brown helped with picture placement.

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INTRODUCTION

In the fall of 1993 I received a short note from my uncle and aunt, Robert and Doris Givens, along with two tapes. The tapes were interviews with an elderly citizen of San Antonio, Texas. The note suggested that I might wish to do a similar interview and tapes of Uncle Robert and write some stories about his life. Robert was the sibling of my mother, Angelyn Givens Taylor. There were nine Givens children in all. Robert was the seventh child and the second of three sons of Rose Henley Givens and Alexander Givens.

It didn't take much thought to decide that the idea was great and the time was perfect! I talked to my daughter, Mary Brown (Patrick), about the possibility of her taking a trip to San Antonio with me after Christmas. We could visit Robert and Doris and make a rough start on the stories. Mary thought February would be a month when she might be able to schedule such a trip. She lives in Sunland, Ca. with her husband, Steve, and two sons, David, and Christopher. Reese and I live in Carlsbad, Ca. in San Diego County.

Arrangements were set and plane reservations made for Mary and me to fly to San Antonio on Feb. 18, 1994. We almost had to cancel the trip because Jan. 16, 1994 was the date of the big Los Angeles earthquake. Mary and Steve were only about 12-14 miles from the epicenter in Northridge! Fortunately, the quake

radiated in other directions. Mary's family was safe and the house and property received only minor damage which occurred, for the most part, during the numerous aftershocks. The economic devastation to the L. A. area was the worst result. But all that is another story.

Mary and I did manage to fly to Texas as planned. We taped Robert's stories and descriptions; Mary typed on her laptop computer into the night, even after I went to sleep.

Doris has a secret way of cooking for guests. She prepared all the big meals after we were in bed asleep. Then she microwaved the dishes just before time for dinner, giving the impression that she went to no trouble at all. We ate at Phyllis's (Robert & Doris's daughter) house next door on two of the evenings and carried the meal with us. Phyllis and her children, Barbie and Bobby, had prepared the table, salad, and dessert. Perhaps Southern hospitality has changed a bit. No household servants were apparent. The host and hostess were nevertheless delightfully gracious. We were made to "feel right at home," just like I remember from "the old days".

Robert and Doris are both exceptional people. I felt fortunate to be writing the stories.

Eager to get to work on that very first day, I traced my elderly uncle to the kitchen, the obvious center of attraction in this typically South Texan home. When I walked into the kitchen, Robert was standing at the kitchen sink, an up-to-date convenience with all the proper attachments, namely, disposal and dishwasher. Robert stood there leaning only slightly as he rinsed each plate, cup, and saucer. I had taken the tall Texas gentleman by surprise! We were both somewhat embarrassed by the awkward moment. But only for a brief spell.

Robert smiled and continued to work, although I snickered to find him actually ashamed at being caught doing "women's work." I could tell that he actually enjoyed helping Aunt Doris. Maybe he felt that I shouldn't see him outside his normal mode.

"I'm practicing to be a Women's Home Companion," he said. His face was suddenly embraced by a warm smile as he straightened up his back and shoulders and stood as erect as his aging limbs would allow.

Did my favorite uncle wish me to see him only as I knew him in his youth? I laughed at his joke, of course. This play-on-words, "Woman's Home Companion," was typical of his

sense of humor, like all of his characteristics, quiet and unassuming. No matter how often I heard his simple jokes, I loved to see his smile when he told them. This was just another beautiful facet of this complicated, yet simplistic, personality. This unpretentious person seemed to say, "Here I am, I have lived my whole life being just me, and I'm proud to say that I'm quite satisfied to be myself."

My Uncle Robert has always been very special to me. My mother adored her younger brother and felt she should always be protective of him. Perhaps, he was her favorite of all the other Givens siblings. There were nine children in all: Bertha, Charlie, Louise, Angelyn, Marie, Mozelle, Robert, Kate, and Stanley. Angelyn, my mother, and Marie were very close, although they had unlike personalities. Marie was vivacious and outgoing while Angelyn was more reserved and thoughtful. Angelyn and Robert had like personalities. My own observation was that they shared a strong sense of responsibility. Along with quiet temperaments they both were thoughtful and caring of others while showing a determination to succeed.

In telling the story of Robert Henley Givens I will also be including some observations of all the nine children of James Alexander Givens and Rose Henley Givens. The somewhat biographical stories will be sketchy and casual. Some of my writing will be embellished with fiction in order to make it more readable. Many facts are missing; still more may be debatable! Please accept the accounts as my own personal interpretation of the lives of those near and dear to our main character, Robert Givens.

FAMILY FABLES

Old Bob, as the father of John Witherspoon Givens (Robert Henley Givens' grandfather) was called, was a strong, muscular old logger and timber man in the late 1840's when he and his wife, Rebecca settled in north-west Florida. Stories of Old Bob still survive in that strip of Florida coastal lands where the piney woods of Alabama mingle with the sandy gulf coast of Florida. This rattlesnake infested area is known as the Florida Panhandle. The complex ecology of this rugged area was changed by the simple, yet immensely involved, lifestyle of these early peoples who labored to scratch out a living in an area which seemed to have unlimited resources matched by just as many unsurmountable difficulties. The land was ripe for those who were built with enough strength and "just plain Guts!"

Even as big game hunters killed the large native animals and the farmers cleared the land of forest, Old Bob Givens cleared the timberlands of the pine woods as swiftly as he could. Despite the clumsiness of the oxen, the awkwardness of the large wooden-wheeled cart together with the ineptness of the human woodsmen, the men still persevered. The work was difficult, but the men were strong, and the need was great. Timber was needed and this Prime Forest was there for the taking. The need for conservation of the forest with all the numerous trees never entered the minds of the industrious woodsmen. They needed a

livelihood and the life of a woodsman, however tough or coarse, was a courageous path to travel. Old Bob Givens considered himself fortunate to be capable of such difficult work and to own the oxen and carts he needed. Robert Givens (Old Bob) was a Stalwart lumberjack and is said to have lived to the age of 96!

In that same rough Panhandle country where he and his wife, Rebecca, settled when Bob Givens was a strong, eager, middle-aged man of perhaps, 50 the couple settled to raise their family. Bob was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina in 1789. Rebecca was also born there in 1802. We do have family records that list the children of Robert and Rebecca Givens. These were as follows:

Joseph Harwell Givens, born 2-10-1832 in N. Carolina

John Witherspoon Givens (Robert Henley Givens' grandfather) born in N. Carolina on 2-17-1836

James Robert Givens, born 10-18-1840 in N.C.

A daughter, Sara Rebecca, was born on 10-15-1845.

After some time the family moved to Florida.

The daughter, Sara Rebecca, later married Richard Robinson. Sara Rebecca died 3-17-1908 at the age of 63.

The whole countryside down in the Florida Panhandle and the stretch of Alabama just north of there was heavy pine timberlands interspersed with rivers, streams, and marshes. There were bayous and bays surrounding the Florida land and the many swampy areas housed all types of wildlife. To say that this land was rugged would be an understatement! All types of snakes called this swampy underbrush home. The Eastern Diamondback was one native for which the people held great respect. These giant rattlers grow to their maximum size and length in that area where the underbrush also houses rabbits and numerous other rodents, favorite treats of the snakes. The pine lands and bayou waters' edge also housed and fed the two other poisonous reptiles known as the Cottonmouth Moccasin and the Copperhead Moccasin. Of these two the Cottonmouth is a land and water danger, while the Copperhead remains on land, sometimes found resting on low tree branches. In the warmer edges of the fresh water streams the Southern Alligators flourish, sometimes basking in the warm sun, looking for all the world like an old pine log.

The coast of Florida is home to bays of all sizes. These larger bodies of water are recipients of fresh water from the numerous streams and bayous, which are merely inlets off the bays. All of the fresh and salty water eventually enters the Gulf of Mexico and disperses in the waves on the beautiful white sandy shore. The waters teem with fishes of all sizes, colors and shapes, while the warm sandy shores are inhabited by all sorts of crabs and edible crustaceans.

Food was plentiful for the rough woodsmen in the days when Bob Givens (Robert Henley Givens' great grandfather) and his wife, Rebecca, first settled near Apalachicola, Florida; but patience was necessary to obtain it. Bob was fortunate to have Rebecca in their small cabin and tending their neatly kept garden. The younger children surely would fish and hunt, but the boys twelve and older were expected to work with their father and to learn the trade. Survival was the issue here. The children had to learn to make their way in this rough country, an area that was seemingly uninhabitable. This was the eighteen-hundreds; life was not easy, especially in the less developed areas of the deep South. For some unknown reason Robert Givens was compelled to make a life for himself and his young wife Rebecca in this formidable place. He was strong; perhaps, he was much stronger than average, and he had courage. He wanted land he could call his own, and he was determined to work hard to leave that heritage to his sons and grandsons.

Old Bob Givens' trade was the business of hauling timber. He owned several yoke of oxen which he used in pairs or teams to haul the huge logs to the river. Once in the water the logs would float south with the river current. Sometimes the loggers would have to climb out on the log to free them from a "log jam." This was especially dangerous as the log jam was usually caused by swiftly running current pushing the logs together in a jumble.

When the logs did arrive downstream, Old Bob would have his helpers ready to hitch up the oxen and pull the somewhat water-soaked timbers out and onto the ox carts. These tremendously heavy tree trunks were then hauled to the nearest sawmill to be cut into lumber. Not all of Old Bob's logs made it to the sawmill. Numerous things could happen to tie up the floating trees. But the timbers with "Diamond G" brand were seldom abandoned along the way, and never without reasonable cause.

Old Bob was proud of his profession. He worked diligently, considering himself fortunate to have many oxen and a strong, healthy body. These assets plus a willingness to work secured his livelihood. He cared for the future of his children and grandchildren also.

In addition to being an experienced lumberman, Old Bob was also a skilled and much-sought-after blacksmith. He practiced this trade both to maintain his own gear and as a trade to help others who needed work done- from shoeing horses to repairing wagon wheels.

Although the stories about Old Bob are sketchy, we can assume that he was a man of strong character and determination. The area in which he lived with Rebecca was such that only the strong could survive. He was rough and must have spoken in a crude voice and used the tongue of a backwoodsman. Rebecca was likely to have continued her more gracious and gentle characteristics from her youth in North Carolina.

One thing we know Old Bob did was to give his grandsons each a pair of oxen to start them out in life. This gift was greatly appreciated by James Alexander Givens on the celebration of his twelfth birthday. Alexander was the son of Old Bob's second son, John Witherspoon Givens. Young Alex, as the boy was known, was short for his age and slight of build. His grandfather saw that he had a keen mind and a willingness to learn. Because the boy truly admired this strong woodsman who was his father's father, young Alex held on to Old Bob's every word and tried to be as strong and brave as he possibly could. Old Bob lived somewhere nearby, in or near the Florida town of Apalachicola where John Witherspoon Givens and his wife, Nancy Amanda McGill Givens, (young Alex's parents) also settled in early days of their marriage. Alex was the second son of John W. and Nancy Amanda. Old Bob took quite an interest in young Alex and taught the lad to hitch up the oxen to the heavy wooden yoke and directed him to guide the huge beasts of burden by cracking the long whip over their heads. He was duly proud of his grandson when the lad finally accomplished this difficult feat. Later, when Alex lost a load of logs in the swiftly rushing river, the owner of the timber took the young man's oxen and cart as a replacement for his investment. Alex returned to his grandfather broken and ashamed because of his failure. Old Bob understood failure as

well as success. He replaced the boy's oxen and cart and simply said, "Hard luck helps us to learn, son."

Alex did learn. In later years, Alex and his wife, Rose, had nine children. Alex remembered his grandfather's kindness and he always tried to treat his own children as his Grandfather had so graciously treated him.

Old Bob Givens was loved and admired throughout the area of the Florida Panhandle. As he grew to be a very old man, he became somewhat of a legend in that wild area which he called home.

Bob's wife, Rebecca, was thirteen years younger than the old man. We have no record of her death, but assume that she probably did die first as he was known to have survived to the ripe old age of ninety-six. This must have left Old Bob pretty much on his own during the remaining years of his life.

"He had always been an independent 'Old Cuss'," was a phrase that was often used to describe the stubborn old man. Many times he would take his rifle or shotgun and go hunting all alone with no care at all for the warnings from his family or friends. He did what he pleased.

This Woodsman was in his nineties (96?) when he took shotgun and a hunting knife and headed for the woods. The woods weren't very far away in that area back before the turn of the century. When Old Bob failed to return, the families of his sons and grandsons all gathered to form a searching party. It wasn't until the next morning that a party of hunters found Old Bob lying dead on the forest floor. No one expected that one so old could have wandered so very far. Beside the old man lay his shotgun. Near his hand lay his bloody hunting knife. Old Bob was dead, and the bear lying nearby had apparently killed him. But the story didn't end there. The old man had apparently shot the big black bear and only wounded him. The wounded animal must have attacked Old Bob with fury! "The brave 'old codger' fought back bravely with his hunting knife! Both were brave warriors, neither survived the battle."

The story would be repeated numerous times, forming a local legend. Not much is known of Old Bob Givens' early life, but many tales have been handed down about this brave old man who was killed by a big black bear!

JOHN WITHERSPOON GIVENS,

(The Soldier Grandfather)

John Witherspoon Givens was the second son born to Rebecca and Robert Givens. He was born Feb. 17, 1836 in N. C. He married Nancy Ann Amanda McGill.

The McGill family were from Scotland, but were living in Apalachicola, Florida when Amanda and John Witherspoon Givens were married in Escambia County, Florida. James Alexander Givens was their second son. Alex and Rose Henley Givens were the parents of "our" Robert Henley Givens, the hero of this story.

In the portrait (photograph) of John and Amanda Givens with their boys, we see a family of tall lanky men, all thin, but upright. James Alexander, the second son, is shorter than his tall lanky brothers. He looks much like his father, John. Perhaps John is also shorter than his sons. He and Amanda are both seated erect. Amanda appears taller and thinner than her handsome husband. Amanda's life couldn't have been an easy one. She looks somewhat gaunt in the family portrait. I see her as a stern person, a hard worker and one who seldom complained. She must have

also been a loving, caring, individual whose seven sons adored her, and she must have loved the company of her only daughter. The first child was a daughter, Amanda (or Laura Amanda, records are not clear).

Robert Givens' Uncle Bud remembered living in Apalachicola when he was a young boy. He was Amanda and John W.'s oldest son, John H. Givens. As was the case of sons named for their father, he was called Bud.

We know that John Witherspoon Givens had a weakness for alcohol. The stories indicate that he would sometimes go into town with the wagon to get supplies only to return with an empty wagon and a "bit tipsy." This must have caused great concern to Amanda, a mother trying to raise seven sons. Alexander never touched alcohol because of his father's problem with drink.

We may have a reason for John Witherspoon's drinking. The family lived out their lives in that Florida Pan-handle. He must have been the subject of ridicule by family, friends, and neighbors when he returned from the war. Many would have called him a "turn-coat", no matter what caused him to change allegiance from the Confederacy to the Union Army. The soldiers were not always loyal to the Confederacy. Records of the war show that some places list as many as 40 to 50 % of the men switching to the Union Army as the close of the war approached. Reasons for this were numerous. Since we know that John W. Givens did receive a small pension after the war, it might be that small pension which caused him to switch sides. Records of the changes of allegiance for many of the Southern soldiers lean towards a simple monetary one. The Union pension was twice that of the Confederacy!

One can imagine the young father coming home to his wife and feeling happy that he had survived the terrible war! He had seen many men killed; many were only young boys. The horror of it all had surely grieved this sensitive man. Many of his family had been ministers and believed that slavery was wrong. If John was, in fact, a Quaker, as his granddaughter, Mozelle, says, then he also did not believe in war. John had never taken a stand on the issue of slavery that we know of, but we can assume that he never intended to fight a war protecting the right to own slaves. There is no record to show whether the Givens family owned slaves. The workers in the lumber and timber business were both black and white. We only know that the soldier John Witherspoon Givens changed his allegiance after he was held prisoner by the

Union Army. Something didn't seem right to him. All those hurt boys and all the senseless deaths must have made the young man see things differently, especially after being in the prison. Any of these possible causes could have influenced John, if not all of them.

The tragedy is that John Witherspoon Givens turned to drink as an escape after the war. John fought in the Civil War; we have records of his being conscripted into the Rebel Army in Florida. He fought in the battle of Pensacola and was captured by the "Yankees." He was put in a prison, perhaps a stockade at Pensacola. Shortly afterwards he was approached by the soldiers to win his freedom by hunting for game to feed the troops. This was John's country; the swamp lands were near his family's home and he often hunted there as a young boy. When he was approached by the guard and asked to go to work hunting game to feed the Union troops there probably was little hesitation from this hungry, tired country boy (actually a man of perhaps 30). John had two or three children by the time he entered the war. Times were so very difficult there even in peace time. The thought of having his family nearby must have made the young man's imagination run wild with thoughts of the things that occur with wartime madness. John must have hoped to see his wife and children. He would have liked to be able to find food for them, also.

Maybe John simply realized that he wasn't really a soldier. At some time, he actually did join the Union Army. Mozelle Givens Greer says that her grandfather, John Witherspoon Givens, was a Quaker and never intended to fight in any army. She says that she remembers him, and he told her that. She relates that her grandfather said he was simply walking on the beach in Pensacola, when he was stopped and arrested by Union Soldiers. This could simply be a brief explanation given to a small child. It seems only fair to mention this as one family member's recollection. Mozelle goes on to recall that the grandfather was imprisoned in the stockade in Pensacola near Ft. Barrancas, and the treatment was horrendous with a scarcity of both food and water. Even though this story does fit into the information other family members have related, it couldn't possibly have been told to Mozelle by her grandfather, John Witherspoon Givens. John Witherspoon Givens died in 1908; Mozelle wasn't born until Sept. 17, 1909. This simply illustrates how difficult it is to arrive at a truth! This large family were all story tellers. Every small

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child must have been an eager audience. We do know there were Quakers in the family, but no record of John W. Givens being a Quaker.

The children of John Witherspoon Givens and Nancy Ann McGill are as follows:

Laura Ann Amanda, born Oct. 26, 1859 -died 1910

John Heziriah, born Mar. 17, 1862 (Uncle Bud)

James Alexander, born Jan. 19, 1867 (Robert H. Givens' Father)

William Sherman, born Aug. 25, 1869



J. W. Givens & Amanda with 7 Sons

Alexander, 2nd from left

Joseph Hiram, born May 19, 1872

Henry Thomas, born Sept. 29, 1874

Greenberry Hamilton, born May 18, 187?

Gerald Elisha, born April 20, 1882

In 1898 Henry Thomas Givens was living in Laurel Hill, Walton County, Florida.

John Witherspoon Givens

Amanda McGill Givens was 64 years old in 1903. She died shortly afterwards, but we have no exact record of her death. On December 24, 1907, John Witherspoon married Alice Fralish in Blue Springs, Ala. She was 35 years old. From the family Bible we have the date of Amanda's death at Aug. 22, 1901. (There is a conflict in the records regarding the year of her death; 1901 can't be correct, because records show she was living in 1903.)

John W. Givens died Aug. 4, (or maybe 6), 1908. The dates are often difficult to read in the family bible.

To Robert

"Blessings on thee, little man;
Eat your melon while you can.
Climb the wild persimmon trees,
Wear out elbows, seats and knees,
What are clothes for, anyway?
Go ahead and have your day;
All too soon the lines of care
On your round face will appear,
Pride will come with man's estate,
Greed, perhaps, and even hate,
And the joys you have today,
Yield to them unholy sway.
Now, your heart is pure and true,
Over you the skies are blue.
Hold these treasures while you can,
Blessings on thee, little man."

Susie V. Henley

*This poem was inspired by the poem "Barefoot Boy
with Cheeks of Tan" by John Greenleaf Whittier.

ROBERT GIVENS' EARLY LIFE

This is the story of one Texas cowboy. Well, he often says, "I'm an old cow hand." When you have read a few chapters, you may wonder, just who and what is this character???? Perhaps you will remember someone you once knew, or you might start wishing that you had the pleasure of knowing this lovable Texas Gentleman. I have the pleasure of being his niece. My effort here is to introduce you to my uncle. I sincerely hope you will feel that you do truly know him and enjoy being acquainted with The patriarch Of the Diamond "G."

The small dark -haired boy leaning casually against the fence is called Robert. His full name is Robert Henley Thomas Givens. The Henley is in honor of his maternal grandparents, Abram Stanley Henley and Martha Angeline King Henley. Robert is small for his age and his frailness is a clue to his almost constant battle with illness. As our Robert peers down the dusty road with obvious expectancy, his mother, Rose, is looking out the window of the large split-log house. She smiles and turns to her sister, Susie, "He's fine, he is watching for those oxen and that squeaky old cart. I can't bear to call him in! Although I'm sure all that dust is bad for him, he is too happy to be outdoors."

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Robert's eyes are focused on the open cart as it squeaks noisily past pulling the load of newly hewn logs. It always amazes the lad that these bulky beasts of burden are strong enough to pull such a heavy load. The driver takes time to smile and wave a friendly hello to Robert. The small lad waves back with an over-enthusiastic response. Turning his attention to the cart, the man yells to the team and uses his long whip, snapping it over the heads of the large muscular animals to enforce his commands. He switches the whip from side to side, making sure the cart manages the bends in the road.

Robert lets his mind wander to the forest where the timber workers are marking and felling the huge pine trees. That is where his beloved Papa would be working now overseeing the work and making sure no one was injured. As the tree crashed to the forest floor, "TIMBER," the men would be calling. Robert could almost hear the force of the tree hitting the ground, even though the work was taking place miles away. Papa's lumber mill was nearby, though, so the oxcart usually passed by the house. A boy's imagination could surely run wild when excited by the sight of those oxen (sometimes as many as eight) pulling the long cart with the enormous rough-hewn wooden wheels. The logs were usually 29 to 40 feet long and only roughly hewn on their way to the mill.

Robert was born in this large split-log house. The birth of a second son was quite an exciting event for the family. Robert's birth followed that of one brother and five sisters! Robert was truly fortunate to have such a loving, caring, family. The child was not as strong and robust as the other Givens siblings; he seemed to come down with every illness, large or small, that the others brought home to him. Perhaps, the very fact that everyone wanted to hold the dear, sweet baby was a main factor in spreading of the many germs, but that family surely showed their love to Robert. When he was sick, there were many around to see to his needs. The child responded to this love in a very positive way. He became the most loving, caring, person he could possibly be! Of course, this is an oversimplification, but it is certainly clear that family love played an enormous role in the formation of this person's character. We can't possibly tell the story of Robert Henley Thomas Givens without first telling the story, as much as we can, of the entire family of James Alexander Givens and Rose Emma Henley Givens.

Robert Givens' Early Life



This is a picture of the ruins of the house where Mozelle, Robert, and Kate were born. The front porch and back walkway to the kitchen were removed, perhaps after decay from dry-rot.

ROSE, ALEX, & SUSIE



Rose at 16

Rose Emma Henley and her sister Susie Virginia Henley were both teaching in Bradley, Ala. The small one or two-room schoolhouse wasn't far from the room where Rose and Susie boarded in the Bradley community. Actually, Bradley itself was only a crossroad where the nearby residents, mostly farmers and timber or turpentine workers, met to buy goods at the commissary, attend meetings or visit the local tavern.

But Bradley had two very good teachers for their small school. Susie Henley was a small red-haired girl, the older of the two sisters. She loved literature best and enjoyed reading to her students from her personal collection of prose and verse. She had also started to write some herself and she encouraged her students to try writing short poems as they learned to read, write, and spell. She was loved by all her students, but they knew to mind their manners in her presence. She had the temperament that some say "goes with red hair." She plaited her long curly red locks and brought it up into a bun at the nap of her neck. Susie was now 22, six years older than Rose.



Susie a 20

Rose, like Susie, was only 16 years old when she started teaching. Susie, then nearing her twenty-second birthday, was a 6 yr. Veteran at the school. While classes contained mostly youngsters between the ages of six and twelve, some of the students were just starting lessons in their teens. Rose and Susie were expected to be prepared for dealing with all varieties of problems that might arise. Rose was smart and well-read like her sister, Susie. Since both girls were musical, they enjoyed teaching music and songs along with the three R's. Rose taught the older children to read by using her family Bible. The younger ones first learned in the primers provided by the community. The children would take care to mind Rose, also. They thought of her as a friend because she was young and beautiful with a pleasing temperament. The children of the Bradley area were fortunate to have the Henley sisters as their teachers and both Rose and Susie loved their work and took it very seriously. Both girls were striking. Rose had deep blue eyes and a perfect complexion, and wore her dark hair up in a bun to try to look a bit more mature. Susie had green eyes to set off her curly red hair and a face full of freckles that seemed to dance whenever she smiled, which was often. Rose was taller than her sister, and she held herself erect and walked with an air of confidence. Both girls were taught properly by their mother to "always be proper ladies in everything and in every way." Their manners were impeccable and, for that part of Florida and Alabama in those days (still the late 1800's), those two girls were a rarity!

Everyone around knew of the two Misses Henley and respected them for their work with the children. Both girls were well rounded in their knowledge of the school's curriculum and they prepared many students to go to nearby Brewton to boarding schools where they could further prepare for college. Many of their students would only be in school for a few years to learn to read and write and learn their sums. Other area children never went to school at all or would "play hooky," some with the knowledge and consent of their parents. Times were hard and the older children would work at a paid job or stay home to "mind" younger children.

So Rose and Susie were there in the small roadside community while they were both still young and still learning, also. They were exceptionally well educated in comparison to most of the older adults of the area. They were brought up in a family which taught how to live by having daily Bible readings. They were

instilled with Christian doctrine and they taught directly from the Bible to give credence to their rules on behavior and how "Fairness and helping others should be practiced by all."

Although the school was sparsely equipped and offered only elementary grades, Susie, and then both Susie and Rose, set a high standard in education in that small South Alabama town. To many people who knew the rough character of the area, these two fine ladies and their stern teachings with the Bible as a guide must have seemed incredible. But in those harsh days, women worked hard to instill as much knowledge and civility into their children as was possible. Although Rose and Susie had a home where discipline and morals were taught, all area people did not have these advantages. These families wished for more for their children, much more than they had for themselves. So most parents praised the young teachers and hoped their children would profit from the "schooling."

One day when Rose had a very long tiring day at school, she was walking alone to her room where she boarded with a local family. A horse and buggy pulled up beside her as she trudged along with her satchel of heavy books. The end of the day was not the teenager's best time. Rose was walking along wondering how to solve a problem with an unusually difficult child. Young William was so new to the school. He knew nothing of his letters or numbers, and seemed to have been reared in a family with no real "book learning." This, Rose and Susie had learned to deal with, but the foul language and aggressive behavior were most difficult. The stately young lady was so concerned about this current problem in her classroom that she failed to notice the horse and buggy until it was right beside her. She was so very tired from the day's work that she wanted to get home quickly and rest. She wanted no more disruptions to her constantly disrupted day.

"I'd like to make your acquaintance, Miss Rose, so that I might ask you if you would like a ride."

Rose was taken by surprise. It was her name he called, so she reluctantly turned around to see a smiling and somewhat handsome young man with a winning smile. The friendly grin wasn't at all welcome to the young lady.

"I'm Alexander Givens, Miss Rose. I know you teach with your sister, Susie. She was the one I met recently at a friend's house. Perhaps, I might say that I know you because I know

Susie. Would you do me the honor of riding in my buggy to your dwelling?"

"I do know who you are, Mr. Givens", Rose replied, "as my sister did mention meeting you, but I mustn't ride in your buggy because we have not been properly introduced. I thank you kindly for the offer."

"Then I'll not bother to insist, Miss Rose, but I hope we shall soon be properly introduced."

James Alexander Givens did not let Rose Emma Henley walk out of his life. He had made a date with Susie for the 'box supper' and he made sure that he was introduced to Rose by her sister when he called for Susie where the sisters were boarding.

Rose was wise to Alex's ways. She was so strictly brought up! She had been warned about the rugged life of the area woodsmen and she wanted nothing to do with anyone so rough and disorderly. She wasn't about to get to know James Alexander Givens any better.

"Susie can see him if she cares to, he is certainly too old for Rose! Just leave Rose out, Please."

Rose did get to know Alex, though. He seemed quite civilized, for a "woodsman." She was right about his lack of education, but he did speak like a man who had knowledge; much more than most men.

Susie assured Rose that she "wasn't at all interested" in Alex Givens. This was another obstacle that the young man had to hurdle. Rose agreed to let Alex call on her. She soon discovered that Alex had a keen mind; they found many areas where they had the same opinion. On subjects where the two found a conflict, Rose found herself enjoying a heated discussion with this interesting person. Alex showed a strong will, but he also had an extreme sense of right and wrong. This was someone who felt love and caring for others as Rose had been taught to feel. Compassion was evident in this new friend.

Alex and his older brother were in the logging and turpentine business together. Their father, John Witherspoon Givens, lived in Muscogee, Bowing County, Alabama along the Perdido River, which forms the Western boundary of the Florida Panhandle and the stretch of Alabama that touches the Gulf of Mexico. He was a logging contractor, and owned teams of oxen which hauled logs to the river to float south. John and Alex, the two oldest sons of John W. Givens, left home to "make it on their own." Alex had

worked hard building up a timber and turpentine business. He had been successful, and was ready to settle down.

The two seemed to be made for each other, and Rose was soon desperately in Love. She found out that Alex was 12 years her senior and she was afraid her family would object to the match. At first, Alex only called on her where she lived and the two would sit in the parlor and politely chat, sometimes with Susie present. The three later went on buggy rides and to 'sociables'. Soon Alex asked if he might meet the rest of her family at their family's home in a nearby Florida town. Rose and Susie's father, Abram Henley, had died several years earlier in 1892, but her mother and brothers and sisters wanted to meet this "rough lumberman" who wanted to marry the 'baby,' Rose, the youngest of ten Henley siblings.

The Henley family liked Alex but found him to be too old for their youngest child, Rose. When Alex voiced his love for Rose and asked for her hand, he was told that she could not marry until after her nineteenth birthday, thinking Rose would surely find someone else closer to her own age and forget about Alex.

But that was not at all the case. Rose and Alex saw each other as often as possible and when Rose was 19, they set the date and were married. The wedding was on May 21, 1899.

Susie later had a steady beau, but they broke off their engagement; he married someone else.

Rose always felt a bit guilty about marrying her sister's beau, although Alex always said he never cared for Susie. And Susie said she never cared for Alex.

Rose and Alex lived in Laurel Hill when they were first married. At first their home was in a small apartment in the home of a family named Hart. The Harts were just like a family to Rose and Alex. (Mrs. Sally Hart remained a friend of the family for many years.) When Bertha, the first child, was born in Feb. of 1900, Mrs. Hart was like a grandmother to the new baby. Of course, Susie helped too when she had time away from her teaching job.

Susie never married; instead, she spent her entire life going from home to home of her brothers and sisters, caring for the children. Rose was nursing the baby for almost a year. Susie stayed to help her as much as possible during that time. Of course, Susie was still teaching, but she wanted to be there when

she could. Susie had no material possessions and never owned a home of her own.

In those days, birth control was simple. They thought that a girl could not become pregnant if she was nursing an infant. This seemed to work for Rose. When Bertha was ready to celebrate her second birthday, she had a present of a baby brother; Charles Alexander Givens was born Feb. 16, 1902. Susie was there to help with the new baby boy and to care for the beautiful, good humored Bertha as she delighted everyone with her toddler antics.

Charlie's birth added to the crowding at the Hart's but it was considered one happy family until the third child, Amanda Louise, was born. Alex considered moving his family to Wing where Susie lived. Susie wanted to help her sister with the children as much as possible. So when baby Louise was 6 mo. old, the family moved into a small house behind a store in Wing, Ala.

Amanda Louise was born on Feb. 6, 1904, almost exactly two years after Charlie's birth. At that time Great Aunt Amanda McGill lived in Mobile; Louise's full name was Amanda Louise McGill Givens. Rose's planning was still according to schedule. We don't really know how many little Givens children that Rose wished to have, but her planning to leave at least 2 years between her children was evidently arranged by her nursing each child a certain number of months. To her, this was a scientific approach.

Another event in the family in the year of 1906 was the growth of Alex's business. Alex bought out Mr. Elliott from Elliott and Givens Turpentine, distilling turpentine into various naval products. Alex's brother, Joseph H. Givens, was the senior partner and he ran the business. Alex also had a saw mill and turpentine company in Laurel Hill. The J. H. Givens Co. was in Wing. In those days everything was about getting gum from the trees, making turpentine, lumbering and selling the lumber. At least that was the life and way of living in those piney woods in South Alabama and Northern Florida.

When Louise was two, Lydia Angeline was born. That was on May 6, 1906. Bertha was already looking forward to starting school the coming fall and she enjoyed helping with the new baby sister. Angeline was an even tempered child from the start and Bertha's help made Rose's work easier. Charlie was then an

The Patriarch of the Diamond G

active four year old and Louise was into everything in reach at two.

Two years after Angeline's birth, Rose Marie made her entrance. She came into the world in Wing, on June 17, 1908, just two years and a month after Angeline's birth. These two sisters, Angeline and Marie, so near the same age, would always be close friends.

The family was certainly getting too big for the small house behind the store in Wing.

Oops, Lillian Mozelle, the next child, was not born 2 years



The First Five

later, but only 15 months after Marie. She was not born in Wing in the small house behind the busy neighborhood store but was born on Sept. 17, 1909 in the split log house in Bradley, the very community where both Susie and Rose had begun their teaching careers, each at the age of 16 years. This was also where Alex and Rose first met. The move to Bradley happened when Rose

Rose, Alex, & Susi

discovered that she was expecting so early after the birth of energetic Marie.

Although large families were the norm in those days, the young mothers were sure to lose their youthful appearance by having a baby every two years (or even more frequent) during their child-bearing years. It is hard for the present-day mother with all the modern conveniences to even imagine the hardships that a wife and mother such as Rose Givens must have endured. City life in the deep south was not much different from that all along the Eastern seaboard; most homes had indoor plumbing. The farms in the poorer sections had no plumbing. Running water came to some of the farms when electricity came to an area. Most power lines were installed in the 1920s, but even then not everyone had running water and plumbing. Out-houses were common, chamber pots were discretely tucked away for use indoors (but these required someone to empty them), water came from wells, and homes were heated by fireplaces and wood-burning stoves. The South was still trying to recover from the Civil War.

The reader should keep the dates of the story in mind, also: Rose Emma Givens and James Alexander Givens were married on May 21, 1899.

Their children were:

- 1) *Bertha Virginia Givens, born Feb. 17, 1900.*
- 2) *Charles Alexander Givens, born Feb. 16, 1902.*
- 3) *Amanda Louise Givens, born Feb. 6, 1904*
- 4) *Lydia Angeline Givens, born May 6, 1906.*
- 5) *Rose Marie Givens, born June 17, 1908.*
- 6) *Lillian Mozelle Givens, born Sept. 17, 1909*

The three younger children were:

- 7) *Robert Henley Thomas Givens, born May 24, 1912.*
- 8) *Susan Kate Givens, born July 22, 1914*
- 9) *Gerald Stanley Givens, born Nov. 28, 1917*

THE DOG-TROT HOUSE

(THE GROWING FAMILY)

In those years, Alex was trying to build up his timber and turpentine business. He was a hard-working young man with his mind on the future. He wanted to provide for his family, giving them all the necessities and some of the luxuries life offered. Being a teacher, Rose knew the importance of learning to save. She, too, was ready to sacrifice for the future. But there was not room in the cramped quarters of the little dwelling in Wing. When Rose discovered that she was expecting again so soon after Marie was born, she knew that the family wouldn't be able to stay where they were. The new baby would disprove Rose's theory that she could not become pregnant when she was nursing a child. How could this be? Rose had so neatly spaced her family at least two years apart. Now she would have two babies only 15 months apart!

"Alex, Rose, Bertha, Charlie, Louise, Angelyn, Marie, and a new baby!" exclaimed the bewildered young expectant mother! The family would have to find a larger place in which to bring this new life into the world.

The solution which Alex offered Rose was to move to Bradley, often called Bradley Dam. Bradley Dam was located in Escambia County, Alabama. Alex had a lumber mill there, convenient to

the Black Water River. The location was a perfect one for the logging and lumber business, allowing the logs to float down the stream and requiring a minimum use of ox carts to get the weighty logs to the mill for cutting.

The house that Alex had found at Bradley was even more rustic than Rose had endured in the cottage at Wing. She had envisioned a spacious home with, perhaps, a coat of white paint and a yard with a fence to keep the little ones "in tow".

The Henley family had reared their girls to have "proper" manners and a bit of elegance pervaded the country home which Susie and Rose had known as girls. A certain demeanor was required of the entire family. Rose Givens didn't need much to continue this beautiful character mode in her young family. But better health and more space would surely help.

"Girls need space indoors to be girls and grow to be ladies, but boys can grow to be men mostly outdoors," Rose had confided to Susie.

What Rose saw when she first visited the place in Bradley was a four-room LOG HOUSE!

Rose burst into tears! The outside of the building was the look of a typical log cabin, showing the rounded sides of the timbers. Typical of the era was a steeply pitched roof with a wide overhang at the front and rear of the structure. The sun was scorching hot almost nine months of the year. This motivated the builders to construct a dwelling which would shelter the front and back even if there were no nearby trees. Another feature that was prevalent at the time was a breeze way through the middle of the structure running from front to back, separating the two sides of the home. Across the front a wide porch was erected under the eaves of the roof, so that the family could sit and enjoy the cool of the evenings. The entrance into the house was a door to one side of the center of the porch. The various rooms were entered from the breeze way.

The kitchen was detached from the living area by a covered passageway. Fire was a real hazard with these wooden houses. The four rooms of the log house which Alex showed to Rose were much larger than those of the house in Wing. The large rooms opened into the hallway giving access to the back exit and the covered walkway to the kitchen and the back yard. This was often called the "dog trot" and these houses were known as "Dog Trot" houses. The split-log house was constructed of fairly uniform

logs, about 12 to 14 inches in diameter so that the outside showed the contour of the logs, but the inside was smooth.

The log house was heated by two large fireplaces with high limestone chimneys standing predominately at each side of the house and high enough above the rooftop to avoid a cinder fire.

Rose was completely astonished by this rustic "manor." She knew that Alex had put out a substantial amount of time and effort to find the right place for the family, but the house was really just an oversized log house. In her condition she just couldn't picture it as a proper home for her family. She had been quite agitated when she thought of bringing a fifth child into the world in the cramped conditions of the rented space in Wing. Rose knew now that she probably had pushed her generous husband too much. The prospects were overwhelming to the otherwise even-tempered Rose. She was usually quite calm, but things were so much more difficult than ever before! The reserved young wife and mother was 'at her wit's end'! She had more than she could do to care for the children, the house, and Alex's needs. Now that she was carrying another child, she was beginning to show signs of fatigue. Perhaps she feared that her health was failing. She knew for sure that she shouldn't act too hastily about moving. She asked Alex for some time to think about the move. She would quietly weigh the pros and cons before she made such a decision. Susie was always a cool one when decisions had to be made. Rose was the "baby of the family".

On her next visit as Rose was walking around the proposed property with her children, she was impressed by the farm land. Alex could raise a few crops, and build a shed to house some animals. She had a small garden when they had lived in the house behind the store, but not nearly enough room to grow vegetables to can for the winters.

The children ran about freely, laughing and playing.

"Papa, Could we have a horse here?" Bertha squealed.

"And maybe a dog, too, Papa?" questioned Charlie.

"Alex, am I being too selfish? You do know that I want what is best for all of us?"

"Rose, you are always generous. Take a few days to decide. Talk to Susie and the children. I won't go ahead with the purchase if you decide against the move, but you are really beginning to show signs of the approaching child. If you do want to move, it had best be soon!"

That evening as Rose sat with her youngest on her lap she looked around the room at her husband and children. She knew she couldn't spend another winter in the crowded room. The children were getting older and needed some privacy. She knew the log house would help in that situation. She and Alex would still share their quarters with the smallest youngsters, but they could have some quiet moments by the fire in the evenings after the babies were asleep.

Rose had always been practical. She was capable of managing her household and caring for the children and their needs. Now she must carefully weigh the facts before she decided.

Susie wouldn't be as close by in Bradley, but a room for her could be arranged in the larger place. The four rooms could be divided so that the girls could all share a room without Charlie's teasing. Charlie could have his own room except when Susie came for a visit, then he could stay in the sitting room. The idea of having a sitting room excited Rose's imagination! She pictured a real parlor with table and chairs and a place to entertain guests. Of course, the room would mainly be the dining room where this fast-growing family would eat their meals, and a place for all the children to read and study.

Rose worried about being too far from the doctor's office. There was a good doctor in Wing. Rose could trust Dr. Waters and knew he would come to the house, if needed. She would need to ask him if he would come the extra miles to the place in Bradley.

After she had talked to Susie and Dr. Waters, Rose felt more confident. She didn't like the idea of a log house, but she had visited friends who had made lovely homes in them. She knew that the smoothly finished inner walls could be made to look like any other house. She could have curtains and hang pictures and a mirror. The girls would just love a nice mirror! They already showed signs of being beauties. Rose confessed to Alex that she was worried that her pretty girls would become vain.

"Oh Alex, do you think a mirror will ruin them?"

"I'm getting all excited about the new place, Alex! When can you take care of the transfer of title so we can move in?" Rose asked a few days later.

Alex smiled at his young wife. "The owner said he is ready to make the sale whenever you say, Miss Rose."

"You were so confident that I would decide to make the move! Have you already bought that property?"

"Actually, I had to pay to get the property held. I decided to put money down and buy the property for an investment. I just hoped that you would want to live there!" laughed Alex.

Rose didn't push the matter. As Alex reached to relieve Rose of the sleeping infant, he planted a kiss on his pretty wife's forehead.

"I'll tuck the baby in while you check on the rest of the gang. Time to call it a day, My Love."

The newly formed business of Alex and Joe Givens, his brother, ended tragically with the death of Joe. He was shot, apparently while sleeping in the breeze way at his home. There was no suspect tried for the murder, and the unsolved mystery was always a cloud over the family. Alex was forced to assume the management of the business.

Lillian Mozelle, the next child, was born in this "new" house on Sept. 17, 1909. Lillian Mozelle was named for the wife of Dr. Douglas in Dixie, Alabama.

Mozelle was 2½ when Robert Henley Thomas Givens came into the world May 24, 1912. Alex was ecstatic to have another son, and, of course, the newborn's five older sisters adored him at first sight. Charlie was 10 when his younger brother first cried out in the world. He had so long wanted a brother. Each girl baby had been another disappointment to him. He silently made plans of all the things he would teach Robert.

All five Givens girls wanted to hold the new baby brother. They too had longed for a little brother. And even Aunt Susie was anxious to do every thing for this beautiful baby boy. Rose cradled the new baby in her arms. She was so delighted to have a second son. She knew how much Alex had hoped for more boys. She would enjoy seeing him grow up.

Rose spent all of her time tending the children, the house, and the garden. She and Susie both cooked, but Rose did most of the baking. Susie continued to teach in Wing and then again at Bradley Dam. She was not always there when the children were born or if one was ill, but she did her best to be there. She divided her time with other branches of the Henley family, caring for newborns and those who needed help during an illness. She literally gave her whole life helping others. Susie was a great story teller and all the children loved her. She made crafts and

toys for the nieces and nephews and taught them about nature during long walks in the woodlands.

Robert proved to be an exceptionally even-tempered youngster with a quiet wit and a most amiable disposition. Alex liked to take his young son on his lap in the evenings as he and Rose discussed the details of their day. Robert would sit and quietly listen to his Papa's deep masculine voice as he spoke about all the pertinent issues of his logging business and the associated business of turpentine and related navel products. Of course, "the baby" didn't understand anything except the love his father had for him and his mother.

This family ritual carried on as Robert grew to be a toddler and the small boy would listen intently and quietly, still not really understanding anything except the fact that his Papa worked hard, and his mother helped him to come to decisions. As he grew older, Robert perceived that his Mother and Father discussed everything together, but his Father always made the final decision.

Robert was not blessed with good health. He seemed to catch every germ that the older children brought home from school or play. When he got sick it seemed to last longer. He was kept in rather close in his younger years. He learned to amuse himself with blocks made by a nearby carpenter. When the weather was nice he would stand by the front gate and watch the ox carts go by with the heavy loads of fresh-hewn timbers. Susie and Rose watched him carefully as they went about daily tasks.

The two sisters loved to cook for the growing family. There was quite a sizable garden on the property and fresh vegetables were grown in season for the needs of the family. Susie liked to work in the garden and she taught each of the children to recognize the young seedlings and distinguish them from the weeds. Everyone did some part of keeping the garden. Watering was a regular chore; water was brought from the well in a bucket and dipped out for each plant. The heat of the summer still "took it's tole" on the shallow-rooted plants.

The outhouse was located appropriately some distance from the house and kitchen. Of course, there was no indoor plumbing. The pump was available for drinking water and kitchen use, but the buckets of water had to be carried indoors for cooking and baths. The well was used when watering the animals or for the garden and sometimes for bath water. Heating water for all the

baths was quite a chore. The children were often given what is called "a spit bath." Rose or Susie saw to it that soap and water and a rag cleaned every inch of each child. This was done in the kitchen where the water was heated and poured into a basin or large zinc tub.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness" was one of Rose's favorite sayings.

"Start by washing your face at the basin and work your way down to the feet," Rose would say. The children would stand in the tub and wash their legs and feet last, and have a bucket of warm water poured on for a rinse. A warm towel finished the job.

When all the children were ready for bed, a story was in order. Susie might read from 'Uncle Remus' or other favorites. Susie liked to relate stories told to her by her father, Abram Henley. Apparently, Abram had known Joel Chandler Harris and had helped as a printer for some of the books by that great writer. This was probably when the Henley family lived in Macon, Georgia. Harris was in this same area at the same time. The Uncle Remus series was first published earlier; a later edition must have been printed by Abram Henley. He brought home pages from the now-famous stories to read to his children after his day's work as a printer.

Rose liked to read Bible stories or read directly from the Bible and encourage the children to memorize a verse or two. Rose herself could recite verses from almost every chapter of the Bible. Both Susie and Rose wrote poetry and would amuse the children by reciting short verses about their daily happenings.

When Robert was two years old, his little sister, Susan Kate was born. That was on July 22, 1914; she was named after the loving Aunt Susie. The name Susie Kate seemed to fit the little blond with the happy disposition. Kate loved attention and was given plenty by her five sisters and two brothers. Bertha nicknamed the cuddly little baby "the Little Bear!"

"Doodle Bug, Doodle Bug your house is on fire, if you don't come out, your children gonna die," the delicate young boy would recite as he gently turned the small twig in the mouth of an ant-lion burrow under the eaves of the family home. Robert had learned the simplistic game from his siblings. It proved to be a popular pursuit for the younger children. The singular ant-lion would usually appear on the funnel-shaped rim of the small abode hoping to find a delectable ant for dinner. Robert would collect

the little, harmless bugs until the area was clear of the intriguing little funnels, then he would gently empty his box or can, allowing the greyish brown insects to hurriedly burrow into the sandy soil.

Actually, the ant-lion made this unusual funnel-shaped home to trap ants, his favorite food. The ant would be trapped in the four inch funnel, sliding down the sandy slope to the waiting ant-lion. The ant-lions were only approximately 1/4 inch long, but were truly aggressive predators in the minuscule world of the ant.

The youngster loved the attention of his pretty sisters and was lonely when they were in school or busy with other pursuits. He must have used many lonely hours to think about the girls varied personalities. Bertha was considered to be bossy by the others, but little Robert was her 'pet'. The little brother admired how she managed to keep the others in control.

Charlie was also admired by Robert; the time the two spent together proved that they had many things in common, but Charlie liked to tease the girls, sometimes even until they cried. Robert knew this was wrong. He was often confused by this trait in someone he loved. Louise sometimes joined the older brother in the teasing, but her motive was simply that of 'sibling rivalry' often experienced by a third or fourth child.

This brings us to Angeline, often the main victim of the pranks. Angeline hid her true feelings from the others. She was small for her age. Perhaps her Pappa felt compassion for her because he, too, was the shortest in a family of seven tall, thin boys. Angelyn was no-doubt an early favorite of Alex. She probably retained her place as 'the baby' even after Marie and Mozelle were born. Angeline was certainly a favorite of both Robert and Marie. Of these three Marie was the one with the most personality. She was beautiful to look at, too. But this fifth child of the Givens 'clan' was a bit unpredictable. Marie was full of fun and adventurous, unlike the quiet, contemplative Angeline and Robert. Mozelle often found these three to be too full of antics; she loved her books and studies and would look for a quiet place to read.

When his brother and sisters were home, Robert eagerly tagged along on many of their interesting pursuits. He was delighted to go along when the whole gang went to pick blackberries in mid-summer. Robert would carry the large bucket while the others held gallon syrup cans or kitchen pots. Rose always reminded her children to beware of snakes.

"Now, 'you all' watch the little ones, and be sure to take that dog, Trixie, with you. She will be the first one to warn you if a snake is around. Take those nice, long poles to rattle the bushes before stepping in any area to reach for berries."

"Yes, Mama," the children would indulgently reply. "We all know about snakes, and we promise to be careful, but please remind Mozelle and Robert to stay back out of the thick brambles."

Rose took Mozelle and Robert aside. "You two had better stay away from the thick bushes, but you can help by picking the easy-to-reach berries." Rose leaned forward to give Mozelle a swift hug and planted a kiss on the forehead of her son, Robert.

"Now grab your bonnets and be gone! Remember to be back when the sun is straight up. Dinner (the noontime meal) will be ready, and the sun will surely be too hot by then!"

Each time out without adults was an adventure for the Givens brood. The oldest enjoyed challenging the younger children to a berry-picking contest.

"Just think Blackberry Pie and start picking," Bertha would call to the others as she ran ahead.

"I'm thinking of all the Blackberry Jelly Mama will be making," Robert confided, "Mama always lets me lick the spoon."

"Only if you are a good, little very spoiled brother," added Mozelle.

"Why not let their berries be counted together?" Angelyn suggested.

"Fair enough," all agreed.

When Rose saw all the blackberries her youngsters had picked, she was overjoyed! This meant more jelly, jam, and canned berries for winter pies. She refused to think of the many hours she would spend preparing these delicacies. Instead, she thought ahead to the beautifully clear jellies she planned to enter in the fall fair in nearby Brewton. She wasted no time before she started cleaning the large, succulent berries. The children would be rewarded with blackberry pie after supper!

THE LETTER

One day when Robert was still very young, Aunt Susie was tending the garden when suddenly she was bitten by a rattlesnake. She was deathly ill and would have certainly lost her life, but early first aid and loving care kept her alive. The family was stunned that the snake was in the garden. That area of Alabama and Florida was noted for large rattlesnakes, but they stayed mainly in the pine forests or bushes. This small snake had ventured into the cleared property.

The children were lectured again by their mother and father on what to do about snakes and what first aid they should know in order to survive snake bite.

Robert was truly frightened by the fact that his beloved Aunt Susie was so very ill from the snake bite. He was now too terrified to go out to the "outhouse" alone for fear of a snake hiding, perhaps, inside the corners of the small enclosure. Aunt Susie understood Robert's fear. She would take him by the hand and walk with him to the outhouse whenever he asked. Susie was careful not to let young Robert know that she, too, was deathly afraid of snakes after her close call with the rattlesnake bite.

During those early years of the 1900's women who were pregnant (or "in a family way") were expected to stay at home and conceal their condition. Of course, they could go to church, but even that was frowned upon as they became very large and

clumsy during the last few months before the baby arrived. This usually meant at least 6 months of "confinement."

The mother was expected to remain home also when she was nursing an infant. Most mothers wouldn't even nurse a new infant in front of other women. They would excuse themselves and go into another room.

Rose spent so much time caring for the children, having them, and nursing the infant that she had little time outside the home at all. She loved to read, write, and cook. She became an excellent cook and started making cakes and candies to sell.

The Henley School in Bradley actually covered only first through the third or fourth grades. This presented a problem for the Givens family. Rose loved teaching the children at home but this proved to be difficult as the children grew. Bertha was the first to go to Foley, near Brewton, for boarding school, The Daphne School.

In a moving letter that Rose wrote to fifteen year old Bertha, away at school, we hear the story of the boxes of chocolates which Rose made and sold from her home.

The letter also tells us of what a loving, caring person Rose Givens really was. She was devoted to her first born, Bertha, and missed her tremendously when she went away to school. In the letter Rose also mentions her baby, Kate, and calls her "the Little Bear." She mentions how Robert misses his sister and how Louise, then 8 years old, was delighting the family by asking for an early Thanksgiving. (This was, apparently, because Bertha would be coming home for Thanksgiving). Rose encouraged Bertha to write Aunt Susie and her brother Charlie. (Letter follows.)

The Letter from Rose Givens to Her Daughter, Bertha
Bertha was away at school when Rose wrote this letter.

Bradley Ala, Mar. 27, 1915

My dear little Sweetheart—

The Martiel Neal roses are opening, I looked in the heart of one this morning and could almost see my little girl in there, the spring sunshine called me out this afternoon and I took the little bear and went, she just fairly gurgled with pleasure when she saw the red rose bush (it is in full bloom) in the old garden. The

strawberries are growing some, they are about like the end of your finger. I fried quite a nice lot of stuffed sausages down today, so we could save some for summer use. We are going to kill hogs again. I am having some sewing done, Miss Addie Franklin is sewing here this week, but she is not going to sew next week, she doesn't sew so very fine, but does very well.

I certainly miss you very much. I don't believe there is ten minutes in the day that I don't think of you. I hope you will practice your music on the piano if you don't take lessons, for you will forget the dear little bit you did know.

I hope you all enjoyed the Kimono party, I attended (in my mind) I heard you say "Mama's fruit cake is fine."

I was afraid you would be sick, you was so greedy.

If there comes in any solid lavender gingham, I wish you would send me about six yards.

Oh you just ought to see the crocheted cap Mrs. Hodgins sent the baby. It is just lovely, it is Irish Crochet I believe she called it that.

We have moved our chickens down to the Helms house so they won't bother the garden. I am going to order a cupping steel to fit our cans, so I can put up garden peas in the cans. I am going to try the canner as soon as I can. I have an order for a box of candy for tomorrow evening to send to a young man at Munson. I am going to do my best on it as I always do on "courting peoples' candy". I have "sure-nuff" candy boxes now. You ought to see how cute they look filled with my candy. I will send you one sometime."

Charlie Thomas has been real sick, but she is some better now. Lovie was here one night this week, she is living in Pensacola now keeping house for George.

I received a card from Mrs. Larkin and it got lost before I read it but once and I don't know when the package was to be sent. Find out and write me at once. I will be glad to help out if I can ask Mrs. Larkin if a box of candy will do, I can't do any fancy work of any kind, so I am at a disadvantage in that line. I may find the card, yet, I am afraid some of the children got it mixed with some of the pile their Papa gave them and cut it up or burnt it.

We are eating up your beans and peas you canned last summer. They are alright, if you did put them up.

The Patriarch of the Diamond G

Your Uncle Henry G. was here today. He sure looks bad. You must write to Annie G. sometime; Don't write so small as it is difficult to read sometime. Write to Aunt Susie, she might feel slighted. Also, try to get up a correspondence with Charlie. I know you are busy, but I think you could do that, dear little girl.

I am counting the weeks as they pass. I always knew it would be a trial to let any of you stay away from home, but I guess we will have to be reconciled to many separations if we stay at Bradley.

Mrs. Hardwick spent the evening with me yesterday. She has just been to Milton on a visit, her father died last week, and she, of course, feels very sad, so far from all her people, and they in trouble.

Robert said the other day he was going to send Bertha a cracker. Another time he said he was going to make Bertha come home.

The funniest thing, the other day I said at the dinner table, "It certainly makes me very thankful to see all our children as well as they are and so many up, able to do for their selves."

Louise said, "Less have Thanksgiving tomorrow." She wanted me to show it, if I was so Thankful.

I'm afraid you can't read my letter. I am so nervous and can't write as fast as I can think so I make many "ugly places" in my letter. Sometime when I am not so tired, I'll write you "a book".

I will say, "Good Night" with many imaginary kisses and a quantity of little pats and hugs.

Your Loving Mother

Kate was eight months old when this letter was written to Bertha. This was two years before Stanley, the youngest of the Givens siblings, was born. Rose told us so much by writing that letter to her daughter.

Bertha must have missed her mother and father, Aunt Susie, and her brothers and sisters. She had helped care for the little ones as they were born and they had been told to obey their sister, Bertha. She must have been delighted when the family moved to Brewton in 1917. She could then live at home some of the time and go to her school also. Louise would go to school with her, too.

The Letter

Louise was so pretty and full of personality that she was becoming willful and vain. Rose hoped that Bertha would be a good influence on her sister.

Because of the war, Bertha was anxious for many of her friends who would soon be serving in Europe. She was 17 yrs. old when the US entered the World War I in April, 1917.

World War I lasted until Nov. ,1918.



Angelyn and Robert

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

On a typical morning at the Givens house Alex and Rose would get up early and prepare for the day. Rose and possibly Susie (if she was there) would wake the older girls to start the necessary preparations for the school day. This included getting water to heat for everyone to wash up and for breakfast.

Alex would call Charlie and Robert to get the wood for the fireplaces on cold mornings. Of course, wood for the kitchen stove would already be in place. The fire could easily be started by Charlie. The big cast iron stove warmed the kitchen quickly. Charlie waited to make sure that the flue in the stove pipe was functioning properly or else the kitchen would be filled with smoke.

Rose quickly made breakfast for the adults. Alex liked eggs and, perhaps, a slice of ham for his meal. He also liked grits and toast, if there was enough bread. Homemade jam and jelly were always on the table.

Rose and Susie ate light and quickly. The meal for the children was a daily chore that the two wanted to help send the youngsters on their way to school and a happy day.

The older girls helped the younger children to wash up and dress, then they all sat down for breakfast.

This was the time when the children were excited and eager to get on with their day. Those old enough to go to school would have friends waiting to walk along the road with them.

Some mornings Charlie would be in high spirits, and he did like to tease his sisters. Anything might start his cheerful bantering.

On one ordinary morning Louise called out, "Mama, I found a hair in my oatmeal!"

Charlie leaned forward and pulled the hair out of Louise's bowl of cereal. "It's only a horse's hair, Mama, It's all right!"

"Oh, you're silly, Charlie," Louise exclaimed. "How would a horse's hair get in my oatmeal?"

Charlie turned to Marie, "What do we feed the horses, Marie?"

"You know quite well that we feed them oats. You've done it enough!"

Charlie, grinning widely, turned to Louise. "That's just the proof we need! All their lives the horses are fed oats. All they ever eat is oats. You know how Papa always makes sure that we have plenty of oats for the horses. We always give the horses only oats, they get nothing but oats all their lives. When the poor old animals die, they take them to the oatmeal factory and grind them up into oatmeal."

"That's ridiculous, Charlie, Quit your teasing," Mozelle chimed in to give her input.

"This is a matter of facts, Mozelle," Charlie replied. "If a horse eats nothing but oats for twelve years, then the whole horse is oats. It is only natural that we use the horse for oatmeal."

"I know only too well that we send old horses to the glue factory," Angelyn sadly adds.

Angelyn was worried about Old Book (named for Booker T. Washington). He had recently been put out to pasture. Angelyn had learned to ride on the gentle old horse and she hated to see him looking so lean and feeble.

Charlie took his spoon and dipped it into his bowl, then he handed it to Angelyn.

"Feel this, Little Sis," he laughingly said.

Angelyn touched the oatmeal ever so lightly.

"Sticky, isn't it?" said Charlie grinning broadly,

Before anyone could speak, Rose entered the room from back in the kitchen with a steaming bowl of oatmeal.



Marie, Angelyn, Robert, Kate, & Movel

"Does anyone want more oatmeal?"

Robert burst into tears.

The girls took the disruption to excuse themselves.

Charlie held up his bowl and Rose filled it with the steaming cereal.

Charlie did love to tease! Robert was still too young to understand, and he was somewhat in awe of his older brother. But Robert didn't like to see his sisters upset.

Charlie seemed to tease Angelyn whenever she came near. He called her 'the little runt' most of the time. Angelyn was small for

her age and Charlie knew he could make her angry by 'picking on her'. Her real name was Angeline. Charlie would tease by saying "Angeliinnnnne." She became so upset that she finally changed her name on all the school records and refused to answer to Angeline. Later, Angelyn was teased about the patent medicine known as Lydia Pinkham's Tonic. Angelyn had been given the tonic after a severe bout with the flu. Charlie found an ad for "Lydia Pinkham's, a Baby in Every Bottle". The high iron content was supposed to work wonders. Charlie jumped at the new chance to tease his sister. Angelyn's full name was Lydia Angeline Givens. Charlie announced her every time she entered the room.

"Lydia Pinkham's, 'A Baby in Every Bottle'."

Poor, Angelyn; she then dropped the Lydia from her name. Charlie had won again! But he never ceased to take delight in teasing his sisters.

TO BREWTON & BACK

(THE FLU, 1917)

During the winter of 1916-1917, the whole family had the flu. Rose and Susie put pallet beds on the floor and gave everyone Castor Oil. This was the standard treatment for colds and flu; the laxative effect was thought to rid the body of the infectious illness. The taste and texture were simply awful, and no child took a spoonful without rebellion. Any number of doses and combinations never seemed to help 'make the medicine go down' when the medicine was the notorious Castor Oil!

The family lived in Bradley at the time. They had moved from the large split-log house where Robert was born into a large two story house across the street. The top floor was the attic bedroom area. One gabled window between the two large bedrooms furnished light and ventilation. The stairs were steep for the children to climb up and down. Alex had realized that the other house had many problems due to age and poor construction. Lumber was his business, so he selected the timbers and had them cut to specifications. The new house was also a log house, but it was better suited for the growing family. The children were all housed upstairs, but the stairs were steep, an arrangement which made it difficult for Rose and Susie to care for the sick. The pallet beds were placed downstairs solving the problem. It was also

warmer and nearer to the kitchen. The use of an outhouse was a terrible inconvenience at this time, too, and the winter cold and dampness added to the problem. The family chamber pots for use at night and bad weather were brought downstairs, too. It was very much like an infirmary.

Susie and Rose were sick, also, but at least one was well enough to care for the others most of the time. Alex continued to work as long as he could, but the business was also crippled by the epidemic. Many workers were out sick or home tending their families.

In the evenings Alex would help out by trying to talk to each of his children and encourage them to take the remedies which Aunt Susie prepared.

Those who were strong enough, at times, would help out with the others. Also, Susie needed help in the kitchen making chicken broth, boiled chicken and rice, and her famous vanilla cup custard. Milk toast was also served as a light meal. This was simply a slice of hot buttered toast in a bowl, covered by warm milk. Grits were given to help the patients gain strength as they felt better.

The 2 year old baby, Kate, was sick, too. Her stuffy little head kept her from breathing well. Susie used ear drops that Dr. Waters prescribed as often as possible, but little Kate cried whenever she was put down.

Susie felt deeply for her little namesake. She worried that pneumonia might develop so she carried the baby around as she helped tend the others. Kate's curly blond hair was damp and matted as she nestled in Susie's arms. Susie spoke gentle words of encouragement to the baby as she went about her chores.

The flu episode took place in Jan. and Feb. of 1917. This was not the serious epidemic which followed W.W. I; but was, nevertheless, very serious for the Givens family. Bertha was still away at boarding school in Brewton and therefore missed the terrible illness.

Rose cared for Kate and nursed her back to health as Susie slowly regained her health and strength. Kate would be three in July. She was still called "The Little Bear", and she remained the beautiful, cuddly, baby on whom the whole family lavished affection.

The family gave thanks that all had survived the flu. Alex and Rose took the family to church and felt blessed to be all together.

Rose was sure she was pregnant again by April of 1917. It was that same month that the US declared war on Germany, entering World War I. Alex saw the need for a change for his family. He and Rose decided to move the family to Brewton and rent a house there. Alex sought stability for the growing family. Schools were definitely much better in Brewton. Rose would be near doctors and hospital as time neared for the ninth child to be born.

The fall of 1917 was a fantastic time for the Givens family. The children of school age started school in Brewton. They had new friends and enjoyed being closer to school. They were able to spend the time in a house which was warmer and brighter in winter and nearer to neighboring homes and other children.

Robert was not yet old enough for school. He was thrilled by the opportunity to play with new neighborhood friends. The swing in the yard was a favorite for all the children. Robert learned marbles and played "for keeps" with the boys. Aunt Susie would push them in the wooden swing which hung from the big oak tree. She also made bows and arrows from the peach tree branches, then she made a target and helped the boys learn to shoot the arrows and hit the "Bull's Eye."

But the year was one of great anxiety for the adults. Rose missed having Alex at home when he stayed in Bradley to work. Alex came home to Brewton only on weekends. Rose was more concerned about having another child than she let the children know. Susie was a "God Send" as usual. Rose was so thankful for her help and comfort, but she couldn't be there during the school year, because she was still teaching. The war in Europe was frightening to all and no one knew what would happen next. Rose felt uneasy, but couldn't say exactly why.

One thing that was clear, Rose would have her ninth child in November. And Stanley came into the world in Brewton Ala. on Nov. 28, 1917.

Rose spent Christmas of 1917 and the coming weeks nursing and cuddling her new baby boy. Another beautiful healthy baby was a happy ending to a trying year. The family, all together for the New Years Celebration, gave thanks to God for the new life, and asked God to protect the young soldiers overseas.

Alex continued to work hard. His weekends in Brewton were welcomed by the whole family. Rose missed him so very much. Because he spent the weekdays working in Bradley, things weren't at all the same. The children had found new freedom and

weren't nearly so easy to keep under control. The small town of Brewton was not at all like living in the country. Recreation in Bradley was centered at home or school. There were few places for the older children to wander. Now in Brewton, things were quite different. Each child had special friends away from home. Even Robert and Kate wandered to play with neighboring children. Because Rose didn't know the neighbors and parents of the children's friends she was constantly concerned about them. Susie was still teaching at Wing and she wasn't there to help keep the children "in tow". Bertha was busy with school and her studies, although she was home more from her school in Foley. All these things added up to torment the mother of the new baby. The job of mothering was one of dread instead of the usual joy.

Charlie was in school part of the time. He was working at various jobs. Uncle Charles Dickenson Henley had the commissary in Bradley and Charlie was working for him.

So Rose was in Brewton with her new baby, Stanley, and felt somewhat alone during the week days. Alex came only for the weekends.

One evening when Rose had quieted the baby and helped the other youngsters with their school work, she sat doing some mending when a sudden loud pounding at the door startled her! The alert mother was frightened but "in charge." She quickly went to the door and, moving a chair to the side, she peered out over the transom (window above the door). "What do you want?" she shouted as she peered out at the distraught stranger.

"Let me in! Right away!" was the frantic response.

"No! Go away!"

The intruder banged away at the door. "Open up! Open up!"

Rose quickly grabbed the rifle from over the mantle.

"Go away at once! I have a gun here and it will shoot right through the door. Leave this place immediately! If you so much as try to get in here, I will surely shoot you!"

The man left.

Rose had heard news of a prison break. This was apparently the escaped prisoner.

This happening convinced both Rose and Alex that it was time to move the family back to Bradley. As soon as the school year was over the family packed up to go back to the country.

The children were heartbroken. Life in Brewton had been much easier for them. Now the younger children would be going to the Henley School in Bradley, but Bertha and Louise would continue to go to the boarding school in Foley. Angelyn, Marie, and Mozelle were too far along in school to go back to the simple country school at Bradley. The one year in Brewton had been a time of contentment for the three sisters. They were all three quite quick learners and the teachers in Brewton had been delighted by the abilities of the girls to catch up with their new classmates.

The spring of 1918 was when the move took place. The war in Europe was coming to a close (the peace accord was actually signed on Nov. 11, 1918). Bertha was eighteen and had plans to go to college in Troy after her graduation. Louise, fourteen, was looking forward to school in Foley again the following fall.

But Angelyn was twelve and was devastated by the move back to Bradley. She wouldn't be going to boarding school like her older sisters, but would be staying home with Marie, ten, and Mozelle, almost nine. She would miss all her new-found friends. She had even been given nicer clothes for school in Brewton, not just "hand me downs," but really newly made dresses just for her. Angelyn felt deprived; being the smallest girl meant that she always had the dresses previously owned by one or two Givens sisters. She loved Marie and Mozelle, but she was so looking forward to being a teenager the coming year. She was relating more to Louise and Bertha.

The house in Bradley had no indoor plumbing! This wasn't so bad before, but now, after a year in Brewton it was almost unbearable to the Givens girls.

Angelyn, Marie, and Mozelle all felt betrayed.

This was a serious family problem. Rose had not dealt with rebellion from her daughters. Charlie had always been the argumentative child, and his father usually dealt with him.

Rose approached Alex about the problem of the three girls.

"The girls are right, Rose; and yet, we can't quite afford to send all of them away to school," Alex replied.

It was Aunt Susie who suggested that a tutor be considered. "I would apply for the job myself, except the girls need a much better teacher. My training isn't for the high school years. You would need to find someone who can teach the varied subjects they will need when they go to college."

So it was decided that the girls would be coached in all the necessary subjects right at home. A suitable tutor was soon found, and the girls, along with their brothers and parents, all tried to settle down back in Bradley in their rustic, country home and the country life.

The girls were obedient and naturally studied hard to learn as much as possible.

Angelyn was unhappy with the arrangement, but she studied extra hard so that she would be able to go to college when the time came. She also was told that she just might get to go to boarding school later. She was only twelve and Bertha had gone at fifteen.

THE MODEL 'T'

Transportation for a large family is always a problem. The Givens family was no exception. Rose always took great pride in family appearance. When she had each and every one of her children dressed, she made sure that the older ones were watching the little ones while she, Alex, and Susie dressed themselves properly for the occasion. Only then would Rose allow the family to even approach the question of who would ride where or with whom.

The family buggy stood in the shed and Charlie would usually be expected to have the horse and buggy tied by the front gate long before he was dressed for the family occasion. The older brother was also expected to hitch up the surrey. Alex made it a habit to take a walk around the fields surveying the crops and fences. Rose knew quite well that her husband couldn't stand the turmoil of the whole family getting ready to get out of the house at once. Nevertheless, she always put up the argument that Alex might not return in time to put on his clean shirt (and perhaps, tie and hat) and be properly dressed for the occasion.

Alex did seem to make it back in time to help Charlie check out the rigging on the surrey. While Charlie brought the surrey around, his Papa would hastily change from his work boots to his less worn 'Sunday Shoes.' Rose always had a freshly pressed shirt laid out for him. Alex secretly enjoyed dressing up and

accompanying Rose and the children. After all, he was the 'man of the house' and he was proud to show off his fine family.

Having missed all the ruckus of his sons and daughters fighting to see who would be first to dress or use the 'out house', Alex would calmly direct each family member to his or her place in the family conveyances. This way there was little, if any, discussion as to where each would ride. Rose and Alex usually rode in the buggy. There was ample room for two adults. Susie would occasionally squeeze in, too, and hold one of the babies on her lap. But, more often, Susie rode with Charlie and the older children in the open surrey. This helped keep down the constant protests the girls had in the open vehicle. A surrey is a horse-drawn carriage which may have two or even three seats behind the front seat where the driver sits holding the reins of one or two horses. Charlie was always cautious while driving behind Mama and Papa.

The girls complained of the dust if the surrey was too close to the buggy. The horse and the wheels of the buggy always caused a large cloud of dust which trailed behind the buggy making it even hard to see. The girls would start coughing and complaining about getting all the dirt! The canvas roof was a big help to keep out the glaring Alabama sun or a sudden rain but many a girl's hair-do was ruined by a swift wind or, even worse, a windy rain. The fancy fringe-trimmed top gave small comfort in those times. It would be up to Susie to cuddle the children close under covers that the family kept tucked under the seats.

So the family was usually somewhat prepared for minor traumas when they set out for an event. Although the siblings fought with one another, plans were made and carried out in an orderly fashion. Each family member had specific duties and they all knew that things couldn't be done without everyone's cooperation.

Whether the occasion was Sunday church or a 'sociable,' the family went through the same rituals to prepare and to get there. Many Sundays the family prepared a picnic lunch for themselves and to share. The church service was held at a church about ten miles from the Givens home. The family traveled the three miles south to the Florida line, then east to the community church. It was called The Red Oak Baptist Church. A circuit preacher would preach the sermon. The whole family would sit together. The children were wiggly, but mostly quiet. Only occasionally

did Rose have to stifle one of her children's muffled snickers. She did so with her sternest schoolteacher frown. They all knew that Mama meant business! Church was not just a Sunday sociable to Rose. She went through this Sunday ritual because she was a devout Christian. Her faith was so much a part of her. She was part of a religious family. Many of her ancestors had been ministers.

Sometimes there would be tent meetings about a mile from the house. Robert and his friends were curious about the tales they had heard about the 'Holy-Rollers' who held their meetings there. So, one day Robert and a friend sneaked out and ran down to where the tent meeting was taking place.

The boys stealthily crept to a spot where the tan canvas was near the ground but loose enough for them to lift the flap up for a perfect view. The boys lay on the ground and watched.

What the boys saw was so strange to them that they were both amused and somewhat frightened. The people were singing, waving their arms, and shouting to God. It seemed to the boys that some of them must be sick, because they fell on the ground and looked asleep!

The two boys jumped up and ran home as fast as they could.

Angelyn and Marie were sitting on the front steps when the boys rushed up, all out of breath.

"What have you boys been up to now?" queried Angelyn.

The boys excitedly told their story.

Angelyn said to Robert, "God won't like what you did! Don't ever do that again!"

Robert never did.

After the preaching and singing at the Red Oak Baptist Church, the families would congregate outdoors for the picnic lunch. The children would finally have time to chat with friends as they enjoyed the feast. After lunch there was usually a speaker of some kind. These speeches were mostly political. The children would be allowed to play or just wander around the grounds with friends. The young boys and girls played "tag" or "hide and seek." They were often "taken to task" by adults, because they became noisy, although some said their noise wasn't more obnoxious than the speakers. In all, the family enjoyed these gatherings and looked forward to them.

Sometimes the ladies of the church would plan an event to raise money for various church charities. Each lady would prepare a picnic basket with their very best dishes. Then there was an auction for the delectable treats and, of course, the most attractively prepared luncheon baskets. The young ladies would prepare their best culinary delights. The sly maiden would coyly drop hints as to the contents and identity of her basket. Others would drop hints that the pretty miss's lunch was indeed an altogether different basket! The object was to make the most money for the church, but the young man wanted to buy the basket of the girl with whom he most wanted to sit under a tree and have a quiet, romantic picnic. It was all in fun, but actually a very serious part of the courting process of the day. This simple box lunch auction was a way for the young people to meet one another and be together in a casual setting where the elders were there to discretely chaperone them. The bidding was actually on the favorite girls, but this also gave the other young people a chance to adjust to the custom of courting.

When Alex bought his first car, a Model T Ford, the family all wanted to ride in the small car. Alex arranged for the children to take turns in the passenger seat. Rose was allowed the first choice, but Alex soon found the need to teach Charlie to drive. Charlie proudly took over the job of transporting his brother and sisters. It wasn't long before Robert learned to drive by sitting on his father's lap just as he had learned to drive the tractor by sitting on his brother Charlie's lap.

When Alex let the family members out of the car at the front gate, Robert was allowed to drive the car down the drive and park it in the shed (or garage).

Alex was a man who thought things through and tried new and unusual devices to make things easier. Such was the strange and unusual contraption on the front of his Model T.

Robert watched as his father installed the strange device and listened to his Papa explain how he would be able to take logs and cut them into the size for usable firewood for the home. It seemed logical to Alex that someone who had a whole sawmill at his disposal should not have to use an axe to chop the wood for his fireplace.

The contraption on the front of the car was a machine which used the power of the gasoline engine to drive the saw to cut wood. When the family parked the car on the streets of Brewton, a

nearby Alabama town where they shopped or visited the doctor, crowds would gather around the car and debate the use of the strange mechanism.

When Uncle Bud was in town with his big car, a Chandler, people would gather to admire the shiny car with the impressive gas headlights. But Alex's simple Model T was always the center of attraction when it was around.

"Bertha wants to learn to drive, Papa," Robert spoke to his father.

Bertha was not only beautiful, but very talented in music and her studies. She was the oldest of the Givens children and accustomed to giving orders to all the siblings. She was respected by everyone who knew her as well as her family. Bertha was often given first choice and her brothers and sisters sometimes felt deprived because of this. Perhaps, this resentment was the reason that Alex allowed his sons to drive the "motorcar" before any of the girls. Bertha felt that her father was unfair in his decision. She had her own ways to let the family know that she felt slighted.

So many years before "Women's Lib" young women were using their feminine shrewdness to obtain a position of authority. Bertha knew better than to openly confront Papa when he refused her request to teach her to drive. Charlie was too inflated by his own importance to take time to help his sister. So Bertha turned to Rose for advice. Rose, herself, had found no time to learn to drive. She was either too large with anticipation of another child, nursing a baby, caring for a sick family member or tending to the many needs of the ever-growing household. Rose Emma Givens clearly saw her lovely daughter's need. She had long ago reconciled herself to her own fate, but she saw no reason that her daughters should be deprived of anything because they were girls. This stand of Rose's was very limited. Bertha knew that her mother would probably "fight to the death," to defend the father's undisputed word of law in the household, but anytime a decision was in doubt, there could be some very sneaky maneuvers to "right the wrong".

Robert came into play at this time. Because young Robert had been allowed to learn the rudiments of driving, Rose felt secure in her decision to let Bertha learn. Alex had taught the small boy himself, and Robert had been allowed to drive the Model T into the driveway after the family got out at the front gate. The lad was

even given permission to slowly enter the shed and leave the car parked there. The shed was merely an early version of the garage.

Bertha had occasionally talked her younger brother into allowing her to secretly sit behind the wheel and learn the basic rudiments of driving, but only in the parked position.

Robert loved his older sister dearly. He was delighted when his Mama agreed that he should teach Bertha to drive the car. Robert was all of eight years old at the time.

Rose approached Alex in a way that he wouldn't refuse.

"Alex, I really must hand it to you! Robert has really improved since you started allowing him to drive your car. You certainly gave him the confidence he needed to feel like he is an important member of the family, instead of everyone's 'Little Brother.' Now he wants to show off his skill by teaching sister Bertha to drive, too!"

"Now Rose," Alex responded, "there is no need for Bertha to learn to drive. Next thing we know it will be our Louise, then Angelyn, and on down the line."

"To Robert?" questioned Rose in her I've got you, now tone. Of course, she immediately kissed her defeated spouse on the cheek and grinned.

Alex never really minded these little encounters. He liked to see his pretty wife feel that she could get her wishes by such simple intrigue. This helped to bring them closer together.

"But I will expect to see what plans the three of you can work out for those youngsters to go about the teaching and learning in a completely safe way!" Alex added.

"Yes, I quite agree", Rose responded, still smiling at the unexpected early victory.

So it was agreed. Rose went to tell the delighted siblings to start their plans to present to their 'Papa.'

There was no chance that Papa would let Robert and Bertha go on any busy roads to practice driving, but there were some nearby roads that seldom had any buggies, wagons, or motorcars. The road to Whitley was such a road.

Whitley was an almost deserted town at the time. The children had only recently been allowed to take their horses to the deserted community which had once been a thriving little town with a busy commissary and train station. Now only one or two families remained in this otherwise deserted area.

The story of Whitley was a familiar one in timberlands of the South. The tall Yellow Pines once covered the flat, sandy acreage of the hot and damp, sometimes swampy, land covering that part of the country. Timber was big business and the only business in this area of South Alabama and Northern Florida. The trees around Whitley had all been forested! There were no tall trees at all near Whitley now. You could look for miles and see only the sawed-off stumps of what was once beautiful pine trees. These early days of the Twentieth Century had no reforestation. When the trees were all cut down, the people simply "pulled up stakes" and moved to better, meaning more forest, lands.

(It wasn't until after World War II that reforestation started to revive the once beautiful pine forest of the South).

Whitley was built up for the sole purpose of accessing the timber. The community had a large commissary, a railway station, a sizeable residential area, and a prison camp. The prison camp, commonly called "the Stockade," was placed in this location to utilize the prisoners in the back-breaking work of forestry.

The convicts worked at lumber loading. This involved connecting the log rails through 'timber skitters'. The wire cables with booms on the end were attached to the logs with 'cant hooks.' This type of pulley system was then used to pull the logs onto the flatbed rail cars. The convicts' job was to get the huge, long logs hooked up to the pulley and give the sign to the pulley operator to start the process of placing the heavy, pine timbers on the flatbed. From there the timbers traveled by rail to the lumber mill, a far cry from the days when "Old Bob" and his men struggled with the timbers to get them on the ox cart.

Both Robert and Bertha had been frequent visitors to the Whitley community. Robert had been carefully supervised by his father as the proud timber man described the technology used to get the logs to the sawmill. The lad had been told the stories of the past when his grandfather and even his great-grandfather had cut the enormous pines with the long two-man saw, used oxen and their own strength to pull the logs and place them on a sturdy cart to traverse the distance to the sawmill.

The manpower, ox and cart were still used, but the use of the railroad was changing the process. It wasn't long before the demands of timber and the speed of the railroad caused many of the beautiful forests to become wastelands. It was a sad site for the

The Patriarch of the Diamond G

Givens family to look out and see the devastation. They mourned for the forest even though their very lives depended on the cutting of these trees.

At the time when Bertha was learning to drive a Model T Ford the area around Whitley was no longer a booming little town. Only one or two families remained near the train stop. The commissary was boarded-up and only collapsed buildings and the remnants of the heavy wire fence coiled around parts of what had been the convict 'stockade.'

With Rose's help the siblings received Alex's approval to drive the seldom used rut road to and from Whitley until Bertha was competent enough to take the car out onto the two-lane and more crowded roadways. Obstacles such as wagons and buggies were seldom seen on the narrow, rutted Whitley lane. All the country roads were unpaved at the time. The Whitley road was through the sandy pine lands.

The trip to Whitley was such a lark to Bertha and to young Robert! But they were both very serious about their tasks. Robert took care to instruct his older sister in all the necessary procedures to start the car, although she had been sitting behind the wheel of the parked car at every chance, fantasizing about her upcoming exploits in the 'Motorcar.' Only a short distance down the road Robert began to praise his sister for her accomplishment. Bertha had a real talent with the family car! Soon she would be driving all the Givens siblings to the many fanciful places they never seemed to be able to go. Bertha was elated! Driving was no big deal! Anyone could learn and the Givens family actually owned this marvelous motorcar!

No one seems to remember just what happened! Suddenly the car 'jumped the ruts' and ran 'head on' into a big oak tree! Glass shattered! Perhaps Robert's head hit the glass or maybe the tree shattered the windshield, but Robert had a bad, bleeding cut above and below his lip.

Fortunately, the lonely lady in a nearby house was standing at her window watching. She quickly ran to help the youngsters and supplied a clean towel for Robert's hurt face. She advised Bertha to hastily run home for help while she kept an eye on Robert.

Bertha covered the two miles home in record-breaking time!

Charlie, Rose and Bertha then ran all the way back to Whitley where Robert waited in the crashed car.

The Model 'T'

When Rose saw the seriousness of the cut on her young son's face, she immediately instructed Charlie to back up the car and drive it to Wing for Dr. Waters.

Robert was in a semiconscious state by this time. He later couldn't recall any of the events following the car hitting the tree.

Dr. Waters lived in Falco ten miles away. When he and Charlie got back, it was dark and Robert was being consoled by his mother, Bertha, and the helpful neighbor lady. The kind doctor saw Robert's stress and put him to sleep with chloroform before stitching up the cuts. Robert had recently lost a front tooth. This was fortunate for him, because the stitches above and below the child's mouth had closed all but a small opening. The missing tooth gave access to a straw. Robert could eat only liquids for quite some time.

Did Bertha ever learn to drive? By all means, yes! Alex and Rose considered their son and daughter to be heroes.

"Anyone can have an accident," said Alex, "not everyone knows how to handle an emergency."

Robert's biggest concern was the scar on his face. To his surprise, no one ever called him 'Scarface'. The scars took years to fade, a small blemish even followed Robert into adulthood, but still no one ever mentioned the scar. The most probable reason is that the scar near his mouth is always covered by a smile, if not a grin.

As an adult Robert often returned to this area near the Florida and Alabama line. As he strolled through the pine forest he always relived the exiting day when he and the witty, charming, Bertha made that first driving lesson trip to Whitley. His thoughts rambled when he thought of the complex issue of forestry. The renewed forest seemed to cover up the evidence of the forest of stumps left in the Whitley area, but Robert still envisioned the feeling that he had as a boy when he stood in the devastated area and could see for miles around, not a real forest, but a barren wasteland with nothing but stumps where beautiful trees once stood.

Robert's childhood memories include those of the train station at Whitley. The Givens family occasionally rode the train. When Robert sat with family members waiting for the train, they could see the nearby stockade. The dogs would often be barking behind the fence. Robert knew that the dogs were there to watch the convicts. He had heard tales of escapes from the prison. The dogs

were trained to trace down the escapees. There were very few places the men could hide and they were usually found up in a tree hoping to be unseen until after nightfall, when they might have a chance of escape.

The man, Robert, recalls the thoughts of the boy, Robert, and he is saddened again at the picture he brings to mind. Robert recalls a tall box smaller than an outhouse which stood isolated somewhere within the prison fence. The story was that the escaped prisoners were returned to the compound and put in this box, called "The sweat box". The box was built so that a man could stand but not sit. The prisoner was given only bread and water and was left to stand without much ventilation in the scorching radiant sun. Robert knew that this was not a humane way to treat the men. His heart ached for these hardworking convicts.

The stockade vanished with the disappearance of the forest, but the memories remained.

Robert knew that his father was hardworking and employed many workers. The lad pondered the perplexity of the problems his Pappa confronted. These complex issues always left the lad with unanswered questions. Robert knew his father was kind, wise, and strong. The lad could only hope to be as much like him as possible when he grew up. He knew that his father always treated his workers with kindness and respect. Most of the workers were blacks who moved into the area from Florida to work in the timber business. Alex built them houses for their families to live in nearby, on a corner of his own property. The workers and their families were sometimes threatened at night by area residents who thought Givens should not allow the people to live so near his own home. Alex had even been known to sit by the small houses with a gun to protect the families. The young boy could sense the danger to his Pappa, and know that he was a brave man to stand up for what he thought was right.

Robert, the boy, grew up watching the log carts go by the house. There were usually three yoke of oxen with a driver walking alongside. The driver carried a long bullwhip which he snapped to keep the animals 'in tow'. The accomplished driver could use the whip and cut off the head of a snake from yards away. When the whip cracked over the head of the oxen on the left, the animal knew to turn away to the right. The animals

responded quickly to the sound of the driver's whip which resembled the sound of a bullet crashing through the air.

The wheels were monstrous wooden slabs cut to form a near-perfect circle which were joined by a steel axle. As the large disks turned on their axle, the creaky sound was deafening. Because of the unusually heavy load, the wheels were often as large as six feet in diameter. The logs rested on the flatbed of the cart. Occasionally, the logs were so large that only one could be carried at a time, but there were usually several logs to a load. The smaller ends of the long logs often hung off the back of the cart on the ground and were dragged along the dusty, unpaved road. The roads, sandy and irregular or with deep ruts of red clay, were passable when the torrid summer sun beat down on the terra-cotta earth. The rugged driver could coax his teams over the uneven terrain with the snap of the whip, but the heavy cart presented a much more difficult chore when the dense red clay turned into "Alabama mud"! This phenomenon was unpredictable and could occasionally cause havoc!

A sudden rain was cool and delightful to the ox cart driver; however, the driver knew to check his cart and the enormously heavy load of logs. A long hard rain might mean extra hours along the road or even slick mud causing an ox to lose his footing, thus resulting in the heavy wheels sinking into the mud. The sturdy beasts would soon be on their way, but the driver would be behind on his schedule.

Robert's memories of his childhood included many such scenes. He also recalled seeing drivers unhitching an ox to help stranded people pull wagons or cars free from the grasping red mud or the deep sandy areas along the roadsides. Alex made his son, Robert, a present of two oxen. This was according to the family tradition handed down by 'Old Bob' Givens, Alex's grandfather. He wanted to have his young son experience the joy of owning the huge animals, although Robert was still very young at the time. Alex's grandfather had presented him with two oxen and a cart when he was twelve.

When Charlie was home young Robert would often follow him around asking, "Can I help?" Charlie would send his little brother to "fetch the oil, gas or water" while he continued to work on the tractor. Charlie was patient and answered the inquisitive Robert's many questions. The brothers, ten years apart, weren't always the best of friends, but Robert was Charlie's little brother

and Charlie did like the way Robert looked up to him and trusted him. There were times when the "big brother" took undue advantage and would tease Robert until the proud little tyke would burst into tears, but Robert had his sisters always on his side and would usually end up with a cookie or a kiss and a smile.

Charlie was actually teaching his little brother mechanics; Robert loved it. As he learned the basics of the tractor and how it worked, he longed for the day when he would be the one to take over. Later, when Robert learned to drive his Pappa's Model T, his questions didn't stop until he learned "How does it work?" The lessons on the tractor helped the lad grasp the basic idea of the gasoline engine. Robert was enthralled! He was completely fascinated and would continue to be throughout his life. Robert probably never realized that his older brother had such a positive influence on him. Charlie was starting Robert on his eventual career of automotive parts salesman and eventually the jobbing business.

Charlie taught his little brother to swim the hard way. It was the sink or swim technique! Robert was thin and wiry; his efforts to stay up in the water were futile at first and his big brother had to jump in to help more than once, but Robert didn't give up; he shed a few tears before he finally was able to keep afloat. Underwater swimming was always easier for him, though, and he was never able to just lie on the water and float.

ROSE, THE WIDOW

The family had settled into a smooth routine in Bradley, and things were going quite fine until Alex began to have weak spells.

At first the doctors were puzzled by the symptoms Alex described. They knew he was seriously ill but found no clear cause.

Alex and Rose made a trip to a well-known clinic. Doctors there diagnosed Alex's malady as Pernicious Anemia. They explained that no known cure had been found. The only hope for even short term survival was periodic transfusions. The blood's lack of iron, if not replaced, causes death.

Alex continued to work when he could, but much of his time was spent resting.

Robert was seven when his Pappa's illness began to make a big difference in the life of the Givens family. He remembers Uncle Bud's visiting often and assumes that Uncle Bud, his father's brother, must have been there, at those times, to give blood for the transfusions.

Robert and the other children no longer had much access to their father. His time at home was spent mostly in quiet and rest. Robert still sat in Alex's lap as his Mamma and Pappa discussed business matters, but after a few minutes, Alex would tire and Robert would be asked to go play with the other children.

There was a pervading sadness in the family. The girls were careful not to sing too loudly or play the piano when their Papa was at home. The gaiety was gone and young Robert was perhaps the unhappiest of all the family. He confided in Angelyn that he was afraid his Pappa would never get well. Robert was heartbroken, even though his mother and father had tried to conceal the more ominous prognosis of the illness.

The long visits by Uncle Bud were always times of tremendous tension in the house. Robert and the others were sent outdoors to play. If anyone was in the house, noise was kept to an absolute minimum.

After transfusions, Alex was able to resume much of his regular routine, but he always needed rest.

This kept up for about 3 years. Alex put up a good fight, but finally his body could no longer respond in its weakened condition.

James Alexander Givens died on June 30, 1921. He was only 54 yrs. old.

Rose had been only nineteen when she married Alex in May of 1899. Her life was totally one of wife and mother. She had changed so much from the independent young lady who was teaching school at sixteen. Twenty-two years of marriage had caused her to be very much dependent on her husband, Alex. Even though Alex had been ill for at least three years, Rose had not really let herself even imagine life without her beloved Alex. She wasn't willing to accept that when he died.

So Rose spent time grieving and gathered her children and family members close. She needed time to recollect and others did, also.

It was summer and the children were finished with school for the year. Rose and the children would spend the summer in Bradley with Susie there, too.

Susie and Rose talked constantly about the years Rose spent having all her children. They recalled the months Rose spent carrying Bertha and the total joy she was from the day she was born. She was now a young lady of 21.

They talked of Charlie, now 19, the second born. How Rose and Alex had such dreams for him. How he had moments of such tenderness for his brothers and sisters. Also they talked of Charlie's great independence and stubbornness, and his many

disagreements with family and friends. Rose worried more now that Alex wouldn't be there when Charlie needed him.

The girls, Louise, Angelyn, Marie, and Mozelle, were all doing well in school. They would surely miss their Pappa. Louise was now a young lady of seventeen. Everyone commented about her beauty and she was somewhat vain. She still needed her father to keep her from making constant mistakes. But Louise was really grown and would soon be on her own. She must learn to make her own decisions. Angelyn was now fifteen. She was such a helpful child whenever anyone needed her. Her brother, Charlie, always called her "the runt of the litter." Maybe this made pretty little Angelyn so spunky and independent. She would be a help with the younger children, but she would be disappointed that boarding school was out. Angelyn would certainly miss her Pappa, but would probably be more concerned about Robert, Kate and Stanley than herself.

Lovely Marie was caught unaware when her Pappa died just 2 weeks after her thirteenth birthday. Pretty, vivacious Marie was the most unpredictable of all the family. She would always be laughing with her friends or her sisters and eager to try something new and different that the others wouldn't dare to think of doing. She wasn't a bad child, just adventurous. Now at thirteen she was beautiful and had the boys to think about, which she did most of the time. She and Angelyn were close. They giggled and joked together. Now they would undoubtedly share their grief at losing their pappa. Angelyn and Marie were helpful to Alex when he needed them. He always knew he could depend on either of them when he needed something done. Now Rose would depend on them to help the others in this terrible time of transition, and grief.

Mozelle, now twelve, was independent. She was the most intellectual of the children. She usually buried herself in a favorite book when things bothered her. She was less likely to share her feelings. Rose and Susie knew Mozelle would need support and understanding from them in the coming months.

Robert was just nine. He was, perhaps, his father's favorite child. Alex certainly took to the boy from the day he was born. Pappa felt that little Robert needed his companionship because he was a young boy with all those sisters to be telling him what to do and what not to do. Alex spent extra time with Robert and saw to it that Charlie, ten years older, helped Robert to know more about a boy's world, too.

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Rose and Susie knew at once that Robert would show the most grief and loneliness. They would try to cheer him all they could, and console him when he showed signs of loneliness.

And, of course, Kate, only seven and in her second year of school would miss her 'Sweet Pappa'. Perhaps she and Stanley, only four, would never really know how much their lives were influenced by their strong, loving, Father. They would remember him most because of his illness. But their lives would certainly be different because Alex was no longer there to influence them.

Rose thought of all the years spent having the children, nursing them and cooking and sewing. She had occasionally wondered if life couldn't have been different. But she had some of the greatest joys she could imagine and now she was without Alex. She couldn't imagine how she would survive if it weren't for Susie and all the children. They were such a part of her now. She most wanted to make things easy for the children. They needed her to



Rose, the Widow

Rose The Widow

be strong. They needed to be prepared to each make his or her own way in the world. Rose and Alex had always agreed that all of their children needed a good education. Now Rose would have to manage things so that dream could come true.

Alex left a sizable estate in timberlands and his related businesses.

Alex had made a will before he died. He and Rose thought everything was legal, but this was not to be so. The will was witnessed only by family members and was not drawn up by a lawyer.

In all her grief for her husband Rose had to try to find people to trust with her husband's estate. She had always trusted Alex's judgement. Alex had little formal education, perhaps only through third grade. But Alex was self taught and had been a successful businessman. He had a "beautiful handwriting and spoke eloquently." His lack of a properly done will was not even due to lack of judgement on his part, but more one of the unforeseen happenings.

ANDALUSIA

"Please think of me as your friend, Miss Rose."

Rose had not been called "Miss Rose" many times since she married Alex. Although she was only 41 at the time, she felt very mature as she sat across the desk of the young lawyer in Brewton. But the polished, well-educated, young man soon made Rose feel as though she were still in her teens. He spoke with such authority that Rose soon was hanging onto his every word.

When the young lawyer said that the hand-written will executed by Alexander Givens was improperly done, Rose accepted this as a fact. In fact, Alex and Rose had carefully drawn up the will, then had witnesses sign it beside their names. The problem lay in the fact that the will was witnessed by relatives.

"Do all your relatives agree with one another, Miss Rose?"

Rose couldn't argue when he suggested that the will might some day be contested by an unhappy relative. Even her own children argued with one another, so when the young man stated that he could arrange things so that no one could change anything, Rose quickly agreed to let him write a petition to the Judge on her behalf.

Rose agreed to the petition at the time, not realizing what might happen. In the paper was a section which stated no property could be sold for a number of years.

When Rose ran out of money she had no recourse but to borrow money. The lawyer arranged for his friends to lend money to her on the mortgaged property. She ended up losing almost all the property.

Hot-headed Charlie had left home shortly after his father's death because of an argument with his mother.

When the elder son did return home, he was disturbed and angered at the loss of the estate. He 'set' out to recover his father's fortune. Later, he and his younger brother, Stanley, were able to get back some of the Florida property. They tried for many years to retrieve the Alabama lands, but there was lack of evidence that any fraud existed in the handling of the estate; the case was thrown out of court with no decision.

The Givens family stayed in Bradley about one year after Alexander died, then Rose moved her family into a rented house in the town of Andalusia, Alabama. They stayed in that house most of the year; that was the year 1923. Later that year Rose bought a large two story house on College Street across from Andalusia High School and buildings housing primary grade classes.

Rose paid \$5000 for the big two story house with the high ceilings and large rooms. She liked the Victorian style and the fact that the house was so suitably located, across from the schoolyard and only a few blocks from town. She could even walk to town if she wished. After so many years living in the country, Rose just couldn't resist the chance to purchase this place for her family. There was not much front lawn area, but the back of the lot housed a barn, garden area, and a small house for servants or storage.

Andalusia, Alabama was a small town in 1923 when the Givens family moved there. The town was the county seat of Covington County, so it was established in the classical Southern county seat pattern with the town developing outwardly from the court house square. The courthouse itself was an impressive granite and concrete structure in the same Grecian style as the grandiose Alabama State capitol in Montgomery, Alabama. It sat on one side of the circular road around the town green (or park). High and wide concrete steps led up to the porch where tall round columns or pillars stood to lend authority to the presence of the edifice.



401 College St.

The big porch circling the front of the house suffered from dry-rot and had been removed when this picture was taken in the 1960s.

The stores around the square were mostly brick or wooden structures with overhangs or awnings to shade the busy shoppers from the hot Alabama sunshine and to cool the groups of farmers, or perhaps their gossiping wives, as they met to exchange greetings and news. On Saturday, the farmers would drive to town in any mode of transportation they had. Many had cars, some even drove tractors and many more drove wagons or buggies.

Some shops were on the side streets that radiated out from the town square like the spokes of a wagon wheel. One such street housed a convenient livery stable where the animals were cared for while their owners conducted business with the local store or in the court house. Nearby was the local blacksmith shop and the shop the children loved best, the candy store. Many of the homemade candies were actually wax paraffin toys made in small molds by the candy maker. Inside the wax animals, cars, trains, or whistles was a colorful sweet liquid which could easily be extracted without disturbing the wax forms. Or the children could

chew the soft wax until all the flavor was gone. There were stick candies and bon-bons, too. Every child loved the wonders, and looked forward to selecting from the penny candies.

The center of activity was surely the Court House itself. Taking most of the north side of the village square, the large building housed many public offices, the court room, and auxiliary offices. Some farmers brought their families in to the County Health Office. Others were eager to obtain permits and licenses from various county agencies, or not so eager to pay taxes.

The court house housed the tax records and the probate court as well as the justice of the peace, who could perform marriages. All records for the entire county were kept in the court house: births, deaths, marriages (there were few divorces), all property sales and purchases, and many more records.

Underneath one side of the courthouse was the jail. Anyone who was arrested would be put in the jail in the courthouse and tried in the courtroom upstairs.

Outside the court house, on a Saturday, was where all the farmers met to wait their turn to be heard or helped inside the building. Some waited in the wide hallways. Because many of those country people smoked or chewed tobacco, the halls were lined with squatty brass cuspidors (or spittoons). The farmers aimed as best they could to relieve themselves of the bitter tasting tobacco chews, but some of it would land on the floor. Outside the front door, the men stood around talking and laughing to one another and chewing tobacco. There the tobacco juice was spit out on the steps. Monday mornings, there was always a crew cleaning up the steps with soap and water.

So as the small town was growing with aches and pains trying to be more civil, the Givens family moved into a big beautiful two story Victorian house with a front porch which wrapped around the front half of the house. There were large, wide hallways on both floors which opened into rooms on either side. Downstairs on the right was a parlor and a large dining room with a kitchen in the back. On the left were two large bedrooms and a bath.

Indoor plumbing was a marvel after the house in Bradley. Upstairs there were two more bathrooms and four large bedrooms, plenty of room for the big family.

Rose finally had what she had wanted so long. She wanted her daughters to be ladies and her sons to be gentlemen. She had

spent all her married life working for that goal. Now, they would all be going to good schools and hopefully colleges.

The children were excited by the new surroundings. The house across from the school was more than any of them had anticipated and they were all eager to start school and meet new friends.

Angelyn was the oldest in the group to be starting school in Andalusia. It had been a trying time for her since her father died in the summer of 1921. After a year in Bradley, the family had moved to a rented house in Andalusia for a time before the move to the big College Street house. She now wanted to make good enough grades to get a scholarship to college. Since Angelyn had little formal high school education she would need to work hard even to catch up with the Andalusia students.

Louise was allowed to finish at the boarding school where she had attended since she was 14. She was smart and witty as well as pretty, and was always flashing her bright blue eyes at the boys. Rose had decided not to disturb Louise's schooling.

Mozelle was so very smart that she was even ahead of her class, especially in English and history. She would have no trouble going to the new school. Mozelle had been such a good and attentive student when the family had a tutor in Bradley. This caused the tutor to favor Mozelle and encourage her yearning to study more, far above her grade level. Mozelle thrived on the attention and strived to please the tutor. Sometimes she even challenged her teacher with her overwhelming knowledge of history and literature. There is no doubt that those years with the family tutor would help her to win a good scholarship to college.

Angelyn and Marie weren't as fortunate. They were both good students and learned what they could from the tutor but both girls lacked polish in various high school subjects. Andalusia High School was a surprise to them both when they found themselves lacking in most subjects. Not having the social background was more than a little upsetting. Angelyn was small for her age and she failed to see the humor of constant teasing from her peers as well as at home. Even the girls' speech was different from the other students'. No matter how hard they tried, the country ways seemed to show up and be a cause of embarrassment and teasing.

To add to the girls' problems, Rose was out of money. No new clothes would be forthcoming at a time that the girls felt they were in competition with the Andalusia "crowd" for acceptance. Being

part of a group of friends was important. The fact that the girls were very attractive was a definite advantage with regard to the high school boys, but most likely a strong disadvantage with the teen-age girls.

Robert, Marie, and Angelyn were like the three musketeers. The three were always together talking over events and sharing plans. Marie and Angelyn considered Robert to be their charge. They tried to encourage and protect him. Of course Young Robert had long ago considered himself the one family member who was responsible for everyone else. Angelyn and Marie were Robert's favorites, so he felt responsible for them, also.

Robert was diligent in school, but making an impression was not his aim. He only hoped to go to college. He worked hard at his various part time jobs and tried not to think of his lack of frivolous pursuits. He was a young man with a quiet wit and



Robert, age 12

charisma. Everyone seemed to like him immediately, so he had numerous friends. At 11 he was a serious student and looking to the future when most young lads were busy with only sports and games.

Robert started Boy Scouts and worked hard to achieve the badges and qualifications. He enjoyed the friendship of the boys his age. He had much outdoor experience, and felt equal to the others because of his skills. Robert stopped just before becoming

an Eagle Scout because the troop was disbanded for lack of leadership.

A girl did enter the lad's life when he was 12. She managed to keep his mind off school and work, but not for long. Robert was too serious a lad to let this happen often. He wanted to put his attention on his mother, Aunt Susie, and his six sisters. They all seemed to need quite a lot of "looking after." So many girls, all with minds of their own, must have made the lad less than eager to find a steady girl. He smiled at them all and everyone liked him. That was enough for young Robert at the time.

Robert enjoyed the freedom that his afternoon jobs gave him.

By this time Rose had spent most of the money she had acquired by the mortgaging of the properties. She had little income other than sales of timber from the Florida land and a small income from profits of the turpentine business which was still in Alex's name at the time of his death.

But Rose was determined to keep up her household and see to it her children would all finish high school and attend college, if possible. She knew that her goals would now be difficult to meet; she would surely give it her best!

High school in Andalusia was a mixed joy for the girls. Louise, Angelyn, Marie, and Mozelle were popular, smart and talented. This was the early days of the 'Roaring Twenties.' The pretty Givens sisters were striking alone or in a group of six (when Bertha was home from Troy State where she attended college). Kate, a pretty, delicate youngster, was usually in her sister's care. Her blond ringlets always framed the charming face and her green eyes danced with mischief so she was often the center of attraction with her sisters' many friends.

When cousin Walter Frazier came for a visit, all the girls would join him for a ride around town. All eyes would be on the handsome lad with the carload of six very lovely girls. The pretty smiling sisters would wave at friends as they rode around in Walter's roadster.

At home the girls, along with Robert, his friends and the youngest of the Givens siblings, Stanley, would all gather around the piano in the entry hall of the big house. Rose or any one of the girls would play the piano and some would be singing; others would dance the latest Charleston steps to the bouncy tunes of the day.

Or someone would be over by the stairway winding up the big Edison player. The Edison was a phonograph which stood erect on the floor, tall enough for a compartment below to hold the large heavy Edison disk records.

The mechanism of the Edison had a heavy arm and a wedge type needle which actually moved up and down on the disk making its own rhythmic sound as the tunes were projected. An acoustic horn served as a loudspeaker. The volume control was a mechanical shutter which covered over the mouth of the horn to adjust the volume. The music was mostly World War I songs. The girls and boys knew them all and danced and sang in the sing-song rhythm of the Edison machine. The music slowed as the spring wound down. Time out for winding up the music maker.

Downstairs, an upright piano stood in the entry hall to entice the family members to play and/or sing. Rose, herself, could play simple tunes. She liked to pound out the old church hymns and have the girls join in with their youthful voices. Most all the girls could play at least a few pieces and a 'music-fest' would proceed. Angelyn and Bertha both loved the violin. Bertha continued her music studies at the State Teachers College in Troy, Alabama.



Stanley, age 8

Checkers and dominoes were fun parlor games. The boys enjoyed marbles and other outdoor games with their friends. The schoolyard offered room for casual sports just across the street.

The long locks of hair soon came off and the girls wore 'bobs'. The Givens girls were 'flappers'! They looked, danced, and sang their way into the high school boys' hearts. They had little money, but all of them sewed and Aunt Susie and their mother, Rose, did too. Rose had a peddle Singer Sewing Machine in the upstairs hall. The girls all shared their dresses and helped make them over to be handed down to the youngest, Kate.

Rose continued to supplement her income with the sale of cakes and candies. Robert was in school across the street. He would run home at recess and lunch and come back pulling his wagon filled with goodies to sell to the children and their teachers. This wasn't strange to the family; Rose had been selling candy and cakes for years.

Robert also worked after school as a delivery boy in a local grocery store. He was furnished a bike with the job. People would call and expect the groceries to be there so quickly that Robert found it impossible to please the customers. As soon as he earned enough money to buy himself a bike, Robert quit the grocery business and started delivering papers on his bike. This proved to be a much better job. Robert loved the exercise. Rose saw that he was becoming stronger too, but she was concerned about him when the weather was bad.

Robert studied hard in school and worked diligently on his after-school job. In addition, he shared the chores at home. The family had a cow and it was Robert's job to lead the cow from a neighboring field to the backyard of the house so that she could be milked. Then, Robert was to lead the cow back to the neighbor's field. It was an easy enough task but one which took time and effort for a lad who had a busy schedule. All these tasks left Robert little time to play with friends or just relax like young boys all like to do.

The College Street house was filled with joy and love, but also there were numerous arguments among the girls. Chores were divided up, but the girls would slip up and forget to do their turn at various jobs. Of course, this always meant more work for the others if the errant sister was away from the house, perhaps on a 'date' with a young man. The more responsible sister would be

left to cover. Revenge would be planned by the offended party, and Rose would soon be called in as mediator.

But the rivalry wasn't usually deep. The girls were careful not to anger their Mother or Aunt Susie. When they saw how steadily their Mother and Aunt worked, their arguments seemed to be selfish and would be settled peacefully. Some of the sisters were more sensitive to their Mother's needs, all were occasionally selfish, but Rose knew that her girls had a loss of dignity due to the family's financial straits. In spite of their beauty and personalities the girls felt somewhat uneasy about their lack of new clothes, shoes, and glittering embellishments so typical in those 'thrill-seekers' days of the twenties. This simple embarrassment sometimes became jealous anger when one sister would leave the house with another's cherished dresses, blouses, or adornments without permission from the owner.

Rose and Susie were broken hearted when the girls argued and raised their voices at one another. All the years when Alex was alive Rose had taught her children the importance of self-discipline. There was seldom reason for discipline in those days. Now the girls were almost grown and they seemed at times to have forgotten all she taught them. Both Susie and Rose would talk quietly to the girls, trying to separate them when they were literally trying to pull one another's hair out. There were always extra chores and these were used for added discipline. Later, the pain would all be gone. The girls would even share the extra chores so that all could get to the dance or be ready for a date or the 'picture-show' at the Fox Theater across from J. M. Taylor Auto Parts.

When the girls were all dressed and ready to go, the offended sister might even walk over and offer her new beads to her sister to wear for the evening.

Since most of the girls were blessed with naturally curly or wavy hair, the hair cut of the day framed their cherub faces; reason enough for the faces to be filled with charming smiles. Angelyn, still smaller than the other sisters, had deep blue eyes and blond to light brown hair. Dimples showed on her cheeks when she smiled.

Bertha and Marie were more classic beauties with longer faces rather than rounded cheeks like Angelyn and Louise. Louise had such lovely skin, somewhat paler than her sisters and more like her mother Rose's 'peaches and cream' complexion. Mozelle

was somewhat shy because of her protruding teeth, but she was striking all the same.

And of course, Kate, whose face was longer and more



Stanley, Robert, and the Model T in 1925

Roman-like; she was a true blond with pale skin to match. Her blond hair was always in casual loose curls around her face.

Robert would sit listening to the girls chatting and ponder why they argued with one another so much. He sometimes laughed at them as they chased one another about, but he wanted everyone to love one another. He couldn't quite understand why they quarreled, nor could he accept the fact that they could love each other and still mistreat one another, too.

Robert was working so very hard trying to help his mother. He had been told that he was the 'man of the house' even before the move to Andalusia. Even though he was only nine when his father died, Robert felt a strong sense of responsibility. He wanted desperately to have life return to the days before Papa died, when his mother Rose, his two brothers, and all six sisters seemed to feel secure. Robert had the perception of a much older person. He could easily see the way things should be and he was perplexed by the lack of family unity. But what the youngster

didn't see was that Rose was still a Victorian lady and all six of her daughters were well into the Twentieth Century.

To Robert, his mother Rose's feelings were of primary importance. He would continue to strive to make her life as much like he remembered things were when Alex was alive. His meager earnings were a symbol of this drive. He felt a deep responsibility and he would not let his family down.

Robert also played football in high school. He remained small for his age and couldn't compete with the larger, stronger classmates but the coach liked Robert and admired his spunk. Robert wore a jersey and mostly sat on the sidelines. Only when the team was winning did young Givens get a chance to go in near the end of the game.

There was no time for girls in young Robert's life. Although he was the favorite of several of his classmates, he usually passed up the dances and other 'sociables'. The handsome, quick witted, lad was usually too exhausted in the evening to give the girls a turn.

The house on College Street had a loft and the children built a trapeze. They were all accustomed to making their own fun. Each one of the Givens siblings had talents which they used to their advantage. So the house was filled with fun and games, many improvised by the family members.

The house was filled with music also. As the children continued their music studies, they were constantly practicing the piano or violin. The girls all liked to sing. They quickly learned the newest songs. Although the girls liked dancing, Rose frowned on the new dances such as the Charleston.

Robert's favorite teacher in grade school was Mrs. Galvin. His best friend was Charlie Crenshaw. Charlie later moved away. Robert looked him up in Waco, Texas many years later and they renewed their friendship.

In high school Robert was editor of the Bulldog Growl, the high school newspaper.

THE FAMILY SCATTERS

Robert finished high school in the spring of 1925. That was the year he went to work for Searcy's Market. How he managed to hold down that job, manage the school paper, never miss a football practice and keep up his grades is nothing but a wonder! Young Robert Givens at only 112 lbs. was a miniature Super Man.

Robert was just out of high school and planned to enter Howard College in the fall. Angelyn was dating Perkins Taylor, who worked for his father, Jim, at J. M. Taylor Auto Parts. The Taylor Family lived just down the street from the Givens Family. Angelyn started dating Perkins and Robert took a summer job at the company in June of 1925. Robert accompanied Perkins on calls to parts customers, and the two strung wires for reception for crystal radios. They would leave a radio with the farm families.

"Just enjoy this radio overnight," Perkins would tell the farmers and their wives.

"We will be back tomorrow to either get the radio or discuss payment."

The radios sold themselves. Robert and Perkins just strung the wire to make it possible! The reception was good and the price was right on the new crystal sets.

The Patriarch of the Diamond G

Taylor Parts sold Cooper tires, Atwater- Kent and Philco radios and many parts lines, nuts and bolts, etc. Seal Power piston rings, and Bull timers were always in stock. Of course, there were many more. They carried what was needed for the Ford and Chevy dealers, the blacksmith shops and commissaries. Robert and Perkins enjoyed one another's company. The days of that summer of 1925 went fast for Robert.

Robert was taken by surprise when Angelyn married Perkins in July of 1925

Robert did enter Howard College in Birmingham. He enjoyed school and making new friends. He joined IKA, Perkins' fraternity when he had attended API at Auburn. But times were hard and Robert was working several jobs while going to school. He delivered mail and newspapers, trudging through the snow and sleet in the hills around Birmingham until he became sick with colds and flu leaving him unable to attend class. Robert was totally disillusioned. When the chance of a job in Andalusia occurred, Robert decided to take it.



Angelyn in 1924

The Family Scatters

Angelyn was the first of the Givens siblings to enter into Holy Matrimony. She was married to Robert Perkins Taylor on July 8, 1925. She made a lovely bride walking gracefully down the stairs. At the family home on College Street. Bertha played the piano as her smiling sister, Angelyn, descended the stairs, her eyes turned to Perkins.

When Perkins stepped forward to take Angelyn's hand, she looked up at her tall handsome bridegroom with pride. Angelyn was 5' and Perkins towered over her with his slim stature measuring 6'1".

Rose cried openly to see her sweet little daughter as a bride. She was sad that Angelyn had no new gown and visualized her daughter with a flowing gown of white satin and lace. Angelyn's wedding dress was the beautiful white dress that Louise had worn to her graduation in Foley. Rose had carefully adjusted it to fit the smaller Angelyn. Angelyn seemed happy, but she felt again betrayed, because Louise had always been the one to get the new clothes. Angelyn always wore the hand-me-downs.

Rose never knew how Angelyn felt about this final blow to her pride. Instead, Rose prayed that her daughter would always be happy and smiling as she was at that precious moment.

Robert was feeling somewhat deserted by his favorite sister. She had been in college at Florida State College for Women. The plan was for Angelyn to come home after one year. She was unable to secure a scholarship for future education. Rose had insisted that Angelyn have some college training, and Angelyn had chosen Florida State for one year rather than more at a lesser college.

Now Angelyn was married. Robert wondered what possessed his sister to marry Perkins. Robert liked him as a friend, but he never dreamed that Angelyn was serious about him. He was four years older than Angelyn and had lived just down the street from the house on College Street. Perkins took Angelyn out for the first time shortly after she came home from her year at college. That was less than a year before. Robert confided to Marie that he was afraid Angelyn was just getting married to get away from home. Marie had laughed and said "Well, she won't get away too far by marrying someone just down the block. I hear that they plan to live in the little house behind the Taylor's place!"

So Robert and Marie both laughed but secretly felt unsure about Angelyn's motives. One year earlier Bertha had surprised

The Patriarch of the Diamond G

everyone when she brought her music teacher home to meet the family. Herman Moll was not at all a handsome man. He was not too much taller than Bertha and his red hair and freckled face didn't win the family over. To top this off, Bertha announced that Herman was divorced and was the father of two daughters by his first wife. Herman did bring his violin to play it for the family as Bertha had urged him, but his exemplary expertise with the violin and piano didn't convince Rose that her daughter should marry a divorced man. She refused to have Bertha set a date to be married.

Bertha attended Troy State College where Herman taught music. He played all the instruments of a band, but the violin was his favorite. It was on Oct. 7, 1925 that he played the violin at the



Bertha in 1924

Givens home just before he married Bertha Virginia Givens.

Rose was not happy with Bertha's choice. She sincerely liked Herman and, of course, she admired him as an excellent musician, but she couldn't reconcile the fact that Bertha, her first born, was marrying a divorced man with two lovely daughters.

The Family Scatters

In the years following, two of Rose's other daughters married and Robert felt deserted by his sisters.

A few years later, Louise married Glynn Jones, a young man who played the piano so beautifully that the whole family became



Louise in 1924

enthralled! Louise and Glynn were married in Dothan, Ala., on April 24, 1929.

Soon after, Marie married. She was very much in love with Arthur Jeffery, the son of Col. Jeffery. The young couple actually 'ran away' to be married in Luverne, Ala. This was considered scandalous! Marie was slightly older than the handsome son of the prominent Jeffery family. And A. B. (as Arthur was known) was the favorite of all the girls! They married on June 1, 1929.

Mozelle Givens married Haynes Greer in Milton, Florida, on April 16, 1937. They were both teachers.

For a brief time during the summer of 1932, Robert worked for Mr. J. M. Taylor, Perkins' father. Mr. Taylor was ill and needed someone with him. Robert's duties were to be there, especially at night. If Mr. Taylor got a headache or pain, and he often did, he would ring a buzzer. Robert got up and made him coffee, talked, played dominoes or checkers. In daytime he wanted Robert to be

The Partiarach of the Diamond G

a handyman. He was tense and wanted everything perfect. Robert was a perfectionist but unable to please Mr. Taylor.

This worked for several months. Other jobs that he held at this time were selling clothes at the local men's store and delivering dry cleaning. At that time, the men's store had an interesting suit lottery which Robert worked to sell.

The customers would buy the suit on time and would pay \$5 each month on the purchase. Every few months the store would hold a drawing and the winner would get the remaining balance of his suit payments for free. Robert enjoyed this type of selling because he liked the interaction with the people. Robert Givens joined the Alabama National Guard as a buck private in the 117th field artillery signal corps in 1936. Col. Jeffery was the station master for a local railroad. He always had time for the young people. Robert liked to visit with him. Col. Jeffery was the commandant of the national guard unit also. A. B. Jeffery, his son and Marie's husband, was also in the unit. When a vacancy occurred, Robert had no problem getting into the unit.

The unit mustered and dispersed into different units and Robert's unit strung wire and set up station communications with other units.

When work was done, the men played craps. This was the nighttime schedule. During the day, Robert worked for Alabama Textile Products Corp. (Alatex). He worked under the manager, Mr. Guy. Located in an old meat packing plant, the work load varied as much as the people who were employed. When shipments arrived Robert would be told to move the heavy bolts of cloth to the elevator and deposit them on the fifth floor of the building.

The bolts of cloth were 2000 yards and housed in a wood and plywood crate. They measured 4.5 ft. high and 2.5 ft. square. Robert's job was to push the heavy box onto a two wheeled 'truck', wheel it into the elevator, and deposit it on the 5th floor. This was work for a much larger, stronger man, but Robert managed it because he had the determination of a much larger, stronger person. "It's not how big you are, the wiry and strong will survive," Robert would say. Robert couldn't help but compare this job with the work at his Pappa's sawmill. He had seen the big strong men struggling with the mighty timbers. It never seemed like his kind of work, but here he was!

The Family Scatters

Robert was working for the Alatex because the 'minimum wage' had been passed. He had held the difficult job since he quit college at Howard. That was when the depression hit in 1929. The banks had closed and Congress passed the National Reconstruction Act. Robert couldn't resist a guaranteed wage of \$0.30 an hour that was offered at the Alatex with an additional 40 hr. week! That meant \$12 a week. But there was no room for advancement at the Alatex.

Robert's cousin, Walter Frazier, worked in Dallas, Texas for a wholesale auto parts company. He enjoyed the traveling and encouraged Robert to come out west and try his luck.

Robert went to work for Hirsig-Frazier Company and immediately found his niche in the world of selling. His youthful smile and sincere approach pleased the customers, and they soon found they could trust this young Givens with their business needs. He was an immediate asset to the company and soon settled into a routine as a traveling salesman.

Poems about Robert by Rose Givens and sister Mozelle

To Robert

Soft breezes blow and the sun shines too
But there's someone missing and that one's you.
The clouds are fleecy and white as snow
Over blue skies, as well you know.
Warm springtime sun and April showers
Brighten the world with blooming flowers.

So always remember and never forget
That I'm looking for you, of course not yet.
When the word rings out that the victory's won-
Be it morning, noon, or the set of sun,
And when over that long, long trail you come-
I'll be waiting here to welcome you home.

by Rose H. Givens

A Dream

Last night a dream awaked me
It was a dream so fair-
I thought I saw a sailor
Who'd taken us unaware.

I heard a voice so jolly
I tripped right down the stair
And, Oh yes, it was Robert
Smiling and standing there.

He gave me a big bear hug
a kiss he had for me.
He was my real blue jacket
Who'd brought his kiss you see.

Although it was a dream, dear
Do you suppose you'll be
a getting just a tiny leave
Your home folks for to see?

by Mozelle Givens

ROBERT, WW2

Robert was North East of Amarillo, Texas quail hunting on Dec. 7, 1941. When he and his friends, Sam George and his wife, returned to the car, the car radio broadcast the announcement of the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Robert wanted to enlist, but he continued to work for a few months before he actually signed up in April of 1942. He was twenty nine at the time, unlike those younger recruits who had to lie about their ages.



Bill, Francis and Marie

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Before Robert's induction into the Navy, A. B. Jeffery, Marie's husband, was already in the army. A.B. went in with his Alabama National Guard Unit. He and Marie, their 3 children, a dog, and a raccoon, and two Florida baby alligators made their way from Florida to Texas. Robert enjoyed visiting with them while they were all together in Texas. They had great fun fishing and laughing together. Robert and A. B. were drinking too much in those days. It was a holdover from the days of prohibition and just after, but it was also because of apprehension of what might lie ahead. Marie made no effort to hide her fears of the future and didn't seem to understand the two men's attempt to hide behind drink.

A short time later Robert heard that the racoon had killed the



A. B. with Sons



Marie with Diane

alligators, the dog had killed the racoon, and Marie had convinced A. B. to give the dog to the army.

A.B. did experience heavy fighting during the war. He commanded a tank-destroyer battalion in Europe and was wounded in action. He felt that he was surely one of the lucky ones, and he never quite got over the fact that he had to send such young, inexperienced men into battle.

Marie spent the war years worrying about her dear husband. She did love him so! Whenever she was near a piano, she sat down and played "Just a-wearying for you, All the time a-feeling blue-Wishing for you, wondering when, You'll be coming home again. Restless, don't know what to do, Sets me wearying for you."

Marie never hid her true emotions.

Robert, WW2

Robert joined as an aviation machinist mate and was given an aptitude test. As a result, he was sent to radio school in Madison, Wisconsin. After a summer there, Robert graduated in the top of his class rank and was assigned as a third class general service radioman.

Robert thought he was off to Russia working as a signalman in a crow's nest. They needed radio signal men to go with merchant marine ships. He was sent to Norwalk Heights, Conn. to finish his training; then to Brooklyn, N. Y. for formal assignment. Robert's thoughts were on the needs of the many merchant ships. These ships carried a navy crew of an officer, ordinance man, and radio man. The Germans had quite a large number of subs in the Atlantic sinking the merchant ships. The Brooklyn quarters housed survivors of sunken ships. Beds were four bunks high. There were already too many radiomen waiting for new assignments. Robert wasn't there long. He was made a station guard. He marched up and down for 45 min. periods. This went on for 4 hrs. on and 4 hrs. off for 72 hrs., then a 72 hr liberty came. Sailors then could visit the USO and get a coupon for a top rate hotel to spend the night for only 75c.

When orders came through to go to Trinidad, Robert went home for Christmas before returning by way of Norfolk, Virginia. They needed a radio man right there in Norfolk, so Robert never went to Trinidad. The Sailor was told he would be going up in a PBM Martin patrol bomber.

This plane had no wheels and could land only on water. The mule tractor (a mechanized jeep-type vehicle) pulled the plane on removable wheels down near the water and they rolled down a ramp into the water. After it was afloat,



Robert the Sailor

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the crew took the wheels off. This was no easy job, but Robert managed. He never did get over the dread of that particular chore.

Robert had much to learn, but when he had been there 9 months, he was promoted to petty officer aviation radioman. When he was there 23 months, he became a 1st class aviation radioman. He soon qualified for 50% extra flight pay and a per-diem of \$25 a day. His duties as radioman included training of other airmen to form a new squadron of 1000 to 1500 men.

Rose, WW2

ROSE, WW2

Back home during those war years, Rose worried about her three sons in the service of their country. While Robert was in the navy, both Charlie and Stanley were in the Merchant Marines. No matter where they were, their Mother Rose would be anxious until the war was over and her sons and sons-in-law all returned home safely.



Charlie, Merchant Seaman



Robert and Stanley, WW2

The Patriarch of the Diamond G

Rose and Susie both spent time helping with Rose's grandchildren and writing to her 3 sons.

Charlie had been a merchant seaman before the war started. The years had mellowed him a bit. He visited his mother when he was in port nearby. Many times he arrived with gifts from as far away as India. Sometimes there were gifts for his sisters as well as Rose and Susie. When the merchant marines were inducted into service just before the war, Charlie was inducted along with the whole crew of the ship on which he served.

Stanley joined the merchant marines also. He and his wife Opal had a baby, Gerald. For a while Opal lived in one of Rose's upstairs apartment where she and Stanley lived before Stanley left for the navy.

Kate had been working at Eglin Air Force Base in Ft. Walton Beach, Fla. There she met Red Tatum and married him.

Kate had a baby boy, Alex and she stayed for some time in the downstairs apartment at her mother Rose's home in Andalusia. Later she had a second son, Al.

Louise had twin boys, Randolph and Roderick. She was estranged from her husband and the twins were in the care of Rose and Susie some of the time. Louise worked at Eglin Air force Base also.

So at one time Rose and Susie had four (or five) babies in the house. All needed special love and care from the great aunt and grandmother.

One day, when Angelyn was at her home, about a mile away, she was startled by the fire sirens.

When Angelyn and her daughters looked out their windows, they saw a terrible column of smoke arising in the vicinity of the large house on college street.

The fire was so near that it looked as if it could be the Givens house. "Oh Mother, we have to get there quickly. All those babies are in that house" one of the girls exclaimed.

A large house a block behind College street was in full blaze. It was also a two story wooden home similar to Rose's home. The house burned to the ground. A very sad sight. But the good news was that Rose, Susie, Kate, and her boys, also Opal and her baby daughter and Louise's twins were all safe in the big Givens' house a short distance away. The big Victorian home that burned was empty at the time.

Rose, WW2



Kate's son Alex Tatum (upper left), Louise Givens Jones' five children: the oldest, Glynn seen with Robert Givens (lower left), Douglas with Robert (lower right), Rose Angelyn with Grandmother Rose (center), and Twins Randolph and Roderick (upper right).





Angelyn breathed a sigh of relief and hugged her mother and Aunt Susie. A tear fell down her cheek and she laughed aloud at her fright and the girls anxiety.

That was only one example of the stress the whole family was under during those years when Robert, Stanley, and Charlie were all in the service. Everyone was trying to be brave but the truth was, they were all apprehensive about what would happen next.



Top left: Rose with Opel Givens, Top right, Rose with baby Gerald Givens, Bottom: Claire Moll, Dorothy Taylor, Perkins Taylor, Angelyn Givens Taylor, Claudia Taylor.

ROBERT (BOB) AFTER WW2

On Nov. 1, 1945 Robert took the train to Dallas and reported to 807 Cotton Exchange Bldg.. He wore his "sailor suit". This wasn't because he wanted to wear it, but truth was, he had nothing else that fit his new, almost middle-aged body. The young slim youth had been displaced by a definitely more mature stature of a man. The uncertain gait was now the determined walk of a man who knew exactly where he was going. Yes, Robert had always been "a man of his word" and was one to be certain to bring a friendly smile to any face by his always, pleasant greeting. And the still slim stature made Robert look younger in spite of his receding forehead. This was not a new Robert, but one who had seen much more of life. His earlier somewhat naive approach to life was certainly challenged by the many people he had shared space with during the years of the war. The fact that Robert Givens was fortunate enough to see the war from somewhat a distance was simply that his duty never took him to the battle front. His duties aboard the PBY and PBM naval planes had brought the young sailor into an entirely new life- one which created a completely adult sense of confidence.

Bob, as he was known in the service, could always be counted on to take a task seriously. a person who was honest and always

dependable, together with a definite knowledge in both mechanical and electrical engineering was a rare find for the Navy. The fact that Robert spent his service years on a PBVs and PBMs as an instructor in the radio equipment of these very complex, amphibious navel vessels was no accident. This was proved many times over as the young sailor, radioman quickly accomplished the difficult maneuvers of the peculiar looking aircraft. He was simply in the correct place for his temperance, demeanor, and engineering inclinations and abilities. Discharged with the rating of Aviation Radio Man, 1st Class, Robert would later observe his tenure in the navy as one of "flying back and forth from pillar to post". He was fortunate to have served without overseas deployment. He was also very fortunate to be able to return home with a widened world to add to his early-life experiences. Meeting so many new people from different areas of America and numerous "walks of life" gave the young Givens an even more "in depth" understanding of human nature.

Robert's future work in sales would surely reflect this new insight. Add this to the knowledge and maturity which the young man had obtained, and you have the self-assured "new" Robert Givens. This is the rather handsome, straightforward, secure, and smiling, still young but no longer youthful sailor who stepped into the Cotton Exchange Building that brisk, November day in 1945. The war was over, Robert was discharged, and he went straight to his former employer to claim his job. He knew that the President had assured that returning service men and women should be given employment by their earlier employer, but he was taking no chances on losing out on that opportunity. Bob was back at Hersig-Fraiser Co. and ready to resume his life. After all, it had been "on hold" for long enough!

Robert had, only recently, been home "on leave". He felt that he had wasted those past four years and like in the "tortoise and the hare", Robert, the slow, but steady, hare was finally back in the race! The company agreed to take Givens back. They were overjoyed to see him again, and were anxious to comply with the requirements to find work for the returning servicemen and women. Robert found that things at the company hadn't stood still while he was absent. The young, inexperienced lads Robert remembered were now holding down jobs in all the old territories. His old territory was now being covered by two new men, both friends of Robert's. This territory covered Oklahoma, Arkansas, and North West Texas (the Panhandle).

Robert started traveling through Oklahoma with Harley, his friend. Some old customers were still in business, but things were quite different. The war was a time of scarcity. The customers had sold almost all parts they could obtain. Now it was a different "ball game" all together. People everywhere had been over ordering, trying to get anything at all to sale. With the end of the war the scarcities were no more.

Parts started coming in by the truck load. The shortages were suddenly over! That was great! except that the customers had forgotten all about their back-orders! They refused to take the items they had so urgently ordered months or even years ago. The manufacturers now had the upper hand. They filled any back orders all at once! People had ordered double, even triple, hoping to get merchandise to keep their businesses going during the time of such severe shortages. The tables were turned when orders began to arrive again. But there were other, more humorous happenings. New games in merchandising occurred.

Robert and his partner, Harley were calling on their usual customers one cold, wet day when Robert started sneezing. "Harley, could you pull over this next corner? This cold is getting worse and I need some aspirin and a box of Kleenex!"

When Robert approached a clerk to ask for the purchase, he had an unexpected surprise. The young girl handed Robert a package with two boxes taped together. The Kleenex had a box of Kotex with it as the two were now packaged as one.

When Robert returned to the car, his partner, Harley, had a good laugh. Robert couldn't laugh because he had such a bad cold and needed the Kleenex. He was angry that he had to pay for the extra item. But Harley's laughter finally broke him up; they both laughed until both had tears running down their cheeks. Robert sneezed and they both finally agreed they might need the extra box after all. Then they started laughing again.

"You must admit it, Harley," Robert groaned, "these people have it all over us! They have found a way to take care of their back orders." He managed to laugh, but said, "I think I should call it a day. If I pass this cold to all our customers, we won't be very welcome in the future".

Some time later, Robert saw the need for his own car. Cars were one item that was not over stocked. The cars that had lasted the duration of the war were all in need of repairs. This was a

factor which brought in trade to the customers, and Robert, along with all the automotive parts dealers, benefitted from this fact.

But many people wanted a new vehicle after the war. When the first new post-war cars came on the market, people flocked to the dealers to see the new models with all-new, up to date accessories. The waiting lists were long. Everyone seemed to be ready to "start anew" with a brand new post-war car!

Robert wanted a car and had his name on the list to get one. New cars were not manufactured during the war years. Robert would be happy to secure a good used car. Of course, he would be able to maintain it if it wasn't in need of too much repair. He was promised a 1942 model Pontiac as soon as Mr. Van Winkle's new model came in. The call came in that he could get his car. Of course, Robert was delighted. This meant a trip home to Alabama to pick up the car. He finally felt free to go home to see all the folks in Andalusia. He made the trip through Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi in high spirits, and was delighted to see family members meet him at the bus station just west of Andalusia. It was great to be "home" again, but after a few days he was ready to drive his "new" car back to Texas and get back to work.

Work was now along the Texas-Pacific railroad route in South Texas. Robert lived in Dallas and stayed in hotels along his sales route. Finding a place to sleep began to be a problem. He would arrive in a town only to find his hotel reservation wasn't honored. When Robert complained to an office worker, she suggested he find a private home with a room. Her sister, Ruth Murphy, had just such a place.

Robert felt the place recommended was a steal. Ruth Murphy was friendly and glad to be renting to Robert. As she got to know her renter better, Mrs. Murphy liked him very much and looked on him almost as her son. She worried that such a nice young man should have so little social life. She invited him to dinner.

"Bring your girl, Robert" Ruth cheerfully added.

"No steady girl, Mrs. Murphy" Robert answered.

"That's no problem, I know just the girl for you," she answered.

And she did. Doris Graves was just the girl for Robert. The dinner went well and Robert asked Doris to go dancing the following weekend. They really "hit it off". They enjoyed each other's company. They went to shows, dancing, and just out for

walks. This was April 1946 when they first met. They were married Sept. 27 of that same year.

Robert was 34 years old and Doris was 29. They both wanted to settle down and have a big family! Harley Willies (Robert's sales partner). Happily told his wife about their friends plan for marriage.

"Aren't they too old to get married?" "Daddy," asked Harley's young sons.

Harley couldn't wait to tell his partner! They all had fun laughing at that one and Harley always remembered and repeated it in the years to come.

At first Doris traveled with Robert. She acted as secretary and would sew to keep busy. This arrangement didn't work for long as Doris became pregnant with her first child. They decided to buy a house on the edge of Dallas. They lived in that charming house in a very nice neighborhood from 1947 to 1955.

Wayne was born in 1947. Cindy in 1949 and Phyllis in 1951.

Originally, the plan was for six children but Doris changed her mind after Phyllis was born. Robert wasn't always able to adjust his schedule to be home when Doris needed him.

When Phyllis was born it was a freezing February. Doris called Bob in San Antonio to alert him.

"Doris, the roads here are rather bad, even icy, but I'll get there as soon as I can!"

Doris was frantic!. Neighbors had been alerted, but their garage door was frozen shut. They couldn't get the car out of the icy drive, but the friends came to Doris' aide by phoning neighbors who could take their car and drive the now-in-a-panic! Doris to the hospital.

When Doris did see the doctor, she was told to go back home. "Go back home and rest, Doris, you aren't going to have that baby tonight," the doctor assured.

Safely back home, the distraught mother was tired and humiliated. Her dear friend and neighbor came over to stay with her until Robert arrived.

"It's not that this is my first baby, I thought sure the baby was really on the way!" Doris explained.

"Try to get some rest, Doris, I'll read awhile and call you as soon as Robert arrives."

"That shot the doctor gave me is slowly taking affect. Maybe I will be able to get some rest. I'm glad Bob is coming; I really do need him now. I've got myself into such a state!!

Another call to the doctor later that night to tell him that the water" had broken" convinced him to suggest, "get her back to the hospital, and quick!"

Robert was home, and he rushed her to the hospital. She did get there, and Phyllis was born near midnight that same night.

Both Doris and Phyllis were fine, but that night was enough to convince Doris to "hand down an ultimatum".

"Robert, you will just have to get a job that has no traveling", Doris said, "I just couldn't ever go through another night like this."

Robert was perplexed. He knew that Doris meant what she said, but he thought maybe she would change her mind after she felt better. Doris stuck to her statement, but she added, "If you expect me to have any more children, you must be here when I do!

After carefully considering the issues, they decided that they were very lucky to have three healthy children. " We have been truly blessed. Three children, two girls and a boy! What a perfect family!" They would have no more. Things were just perfect already!

Robert always fills his mind with optimistic thoughts. This has made him an excellent salesman. Another aspect of his personality is his honesty and loyalty. People who deal with Givens know that he is a man of his word. They can allow themselves to be optimistic, also. Customers were always happy to see his cheerful face. They greeted Robert as a friend, not just "another salesman".

Other traits of a good salesman evolved as Robert matured in his business. He discovered that he could use his intelligence to help his customers achieve success. He advised them on what their needs were and how they could best be met. The customers had even more confidence in Robert as his advice proved to be helpful.

Robert became a friend to all his regular customers. He continued to be an asset to the business.

TEXAS FAMILY LIFE

Bob and Doris moved to a quiet neighborhood in a suburb of San Antonio. They lived there until Cindy was about twelve years old. Bob had wanted for some time to move to the country and have some acreage.

When the family finally was ready to move to a new home, Cindy felt she was the only one of the family who didn't want to leave. She was in seventh grade at a big junior high. She felt comfortable with her friends, both boys and girls, and was popular and doing well in school. The idea of moving to the country and going to school in an old army barracks was disgusting to Cindy. The small school would have only 20 children in the entire 7th grade! She began to dread her teen age years instead of anxiously looking forward to them.

Bob was keenly aware of Cindy's problem. He quietly set out to make things right. After all, he had six sisters. Who should be better informed than Bob to know about little girls?

Bob remembered when his family moved from Brewton, Ala. back to their country house in Bradley. There were so few conveniences there in the country, not even indoor plumbing. He remembered that his sister, Angelyn, was in tears over the move. Her friends in Brewton had thought it was a terrible thing for the family to leave the small city for the country. Bob had no way to help Angelyn, then 12 years old.

But now Bob could help his own twelve year old daughter.

Both Cindy and Phyllis loved horses. Bob promised a horse in the future at the country place.

Cindy was resigned to the move but still most unhappy. The small plain house was only temporary, but it was crowded. Cindy wanted her own room instead of sharing with Phyllis. She took out much of her feeling on Phyllis and this was already showing that first day at the new place.

But the very next day a truck pulled up and unloaded two horses! The horses were for the two girls and, of course, they were both about the happiest in their lives!

Cindy ran to her father and gave him a big hug. She hoped he wouldn't mention her show of temper which she had earlier displayed.

Wayne wanted a tractor and he soon received that gift also.

Doris was happy for the children, but somewhat uncertain of herself as she tried to unpack and settle in a place much smaller than they had before. She was already missing her friends from San Antonio.

Friends came out from the city even before Bob, Doris, and the children were settled. Everyone wondered how their good friends would get along in the new setting. They were afraid the family had taken on too much and would be lonely and unhappy with no nearby neighbors. Bob was gone so much of the time and Doris was alone too much.

Of course, Doris appreciated seeing her friends. The new house was being built, but it would be a full year before that would be completed.

"Oh, Doris", said her dear friend, "we do miss you so much!"

Doris started to cry. She was so happy to see her friends! The move to the country was a traumatic one for her. She had always been near the family home. She took advantage of the family closeness and enjoyed sharing each day's happenings with her Mother, father, and her sister, Virginia.

"Now, I only have Bessie, the cow to converse with!" Doris laughed through her tears.

Doris' friends sympathized. They enjoyed the quietness of the country, but Doris had lived in Dallas and San Antonio and was accustomed to all the amenities the city life offered. They hated to leave their friend and return to San Antonio. The little house

was the biggest problem, so Doris would surely be happier when the new ranch style home was finished. In the meanwhile they would try to call often on the phone and visit whenever possible.

Doris was somewhat overwhelmed with the change in her daily schedule. When Bob was away at work and the children were in school, she was left all alone at home. The housework suddenly became drudgery. There seemed to be nowhere to put anything in the crowded living quarters. Her sewing and creative handiwork weren't much help here, and she felt defeated. Of course, she was actually homesick and very lonely. When the children came home from school, she was her old self again, and enjoyed preparing dinner.

"I'll never like this place," she often said in her frequent calls to friends. It was as though saying it gave Doris the relief she needed to see her through the lonely day.

Wayne, Phyllis, and Cynthia liked the lunches at the small school. They also found that the children there were more trustworthy. They no longer had to take all their supplies home to keep them from being snatched away. So gradually the three Givens children became accustomed to the new surroundings. They made new friends and also had friends out from San Antonio. The girls were beginning to be quite accomplished horsewomen.

Wayne found the tractor to be more than a toy, but he kept working with it and this proved to be a turning point with Wayne. He felt more self-secure than he ever had been. He had control of the machine and he handled it well. Bob and Doris saw their young son's pride in his accomplishment and they let him know how pleased they were that he was enjoying his work with the tractor.

Now, Doris called 'Bessie the Cow' her present but she really didn't know what to do with her new pet!

All the family learned to milk the cow, but not too willingly. The cow was a bit cantankerous and she kicked, sometimes at the nearest person, sometimes at the bucket. Her foot would even land in the bucket of milk, occasionally.

Doris even tried to make butter. This was found to be a tedious, time-consuming task and Doris decided to buy her butter. That was the final word on the subject. In spite of her numerous misgivings about the move to the country, Doris began to reconcile herself to the new surroundings. Her days didn't seem

quite so long and she actually started to enjoy walking around in the spacious outdoors.

Sundays were exciting for the whole family. They visited several area churches, meeting new friends and seeing some of the families whose children attended school with the Givens children.

In San Antonio, Doris had studied piano at San Antonio College. She practised long for a recital there, and played for the Sunday School, also. She hoped to use her talent in the groups at the new church. She played the piano at home to relax and practice.

Bob had been a deacon at The Northwood Presbyterian Church of San Antonio. The family decided to attend the Presbyterian church in New Braunfels, also.

The small church was friendly and welcomed the new family. It wasn't long before the Bob Givens family were central to the congregation. The church became the center of the family's life.

So life in the country was fine for most of the time. Bob continued to work. Doris was lonely part of the time, but the children and their many activities kept her busy. She loved to practice and play her favorite pieces at home, too.

The girls were good enough at riding to join the 'Sheriffs Posse', a group which performed at parades and such. Bob bought a horse trailer to transport the horses to the training field.

Cynthia and Phyllis agreed to tell their Dad that the horse trailer is just great, but they just didn't have time to be in the Sheriff's Posse.

Bob was disheartened but he put the trailer away rather than argue with his daughters. The girls enjoyed their horses and he wouldn't want to spoil that. He felt things were going too good to be true! He was feeling better about the move now that Doris seemed to be more at ease in the new place. Putting the horse trailer away wasn't hard to do if it kept the peace.

Two years later, Bob sold the trailer and later still, when the girls were in college, they finally told their Dad the truth.

"We knew you wouldn't always be there to help put the horses in the trailer and we just couldn't manage it. We decided to pretend that we didn't want to join the Sheriff's Posse. There were many other things we could do."

It was when the girls were no longer at home, Bob and Doris gave the two horses to the Presbyterian Children's Home.

Bob and Doris went to visit the home to make sure the horses were being properly cared for by the people there. They were delighted to see that not only were the horses cared for by the home, but the children were so blest to have them there that both Bob and Doris felt they had truly made the right decision. Later, an adult Cindy and her husband, Joe Larkin, raised beautiful horses for cross-country competition. Cindy's horsemanship has won numerous awards in the endurance fetes. Phyllis and her daughter, Barbie, enjoy owning their own horses, too, and both ride whenever possible.

When Doris' father died Doris and Bob felt that her mother, Maude Graves should move into the small cottage where they had lived while the new house was being built. It seemed a good plan, and Doris' sister, Virginia, moved out from the city to care for her mother.

Doris was happier to have her family nearby so that she would be near if they needed her. She was no longer alone when Bob and the children were away. The lovely ranch house seemed warmer and more cheerful to her with her family only a short walk away across the road.

When Bob took his annual vacation, the family usually all went back to Alabama for a visit with Bob's family there.

Before the trip it was the children's job to straighten up the house so that it would be neat and clean when the family arrived back home, tired from the trip. Wayne, Cindy, and Phyllis all thought their Dad was a little too particular about this. They were anxious to get on the way, but not at all anxious to clean house.

When all were packed and ready to go, the family would get in the car and leave. On the way the family joked and sang songs. "Don't Fence Me In" and "Dixie Land" were favorites. Bob led the family in song. The children and Doris thought he was being quite silly throughout the trip, but it did really make the time go fast.

The first day was always a short one because the housecleaning took so long. The family would be tired and want to stop, but Bob continued driving until rather late before stopping at a motel. If the pool wasn't closed, they would all go for a swim before retiring. Bob and Doris had favorite places to

eat along the way. One place had baskets of boiled shrimp. The family ate shrimp until they were all stuffed.

When they reached Florida, Bob would drive to Pensacola Beach and take the children for a swim in the gulf. He always brought along a huge truck or tractor inner tube and would pull it out over the waves with the children all holding onto it. To Phyllis, the youngest, their Dad looked so very tall. He could stand on the bottom and she couldn't.

Bob always had a song to go with every happening. He kept the children laughing.

"You are so silly, Daddy," they would call out, but they knew he would only think of a line of a song to sing back in answer.

Bob knew how to keep the children happy, laughing and giggling. He was probably thinking of his own two brothers and six sisters, always joking, laughing and singing. (At least, those were the moments he remembered.) He wanted his family to be just like that, "one that loved one another and cared". Doris loved music and laughter, too. She enjoyed hearing the children's laughter. It seemed appropriate after months in school. She also liked Bob's family and looked forward to these visits. They usually stayed at Angelyn and Perkins' house in Andalusia. They would all enjoy Angelyn's cooking and would talk late into the night reminiscing, and just enjoying being together. Often Bob's brothers and sisters would manage to be in town for the visit. Bob liked to visit the pine acreage that was still in the Givens Family name. The family was still 'Land -Poor'. Each of the Givens siblings still held onto small amounts of land. Bob kept the records on it all, and even paid most of the taxes, if not all. Bob also paid taxes on some mountain property which was left to Rose by her grandmother. Bob would visit the various properties on his trips home when he had the time. He loved to stroll through the regrown forest and reminisce about the days of his youth. He was truly sentimental.

'Meanwhile, back at the ranch'

The Bob Givens family had finally grown into their new life-style, and they found themselves wondering what they did with their time before the move to the country. The new ranch style home was almost finished after a year. The five happy family members were impressed with the modern ranch-style home; they finally had all the space they had dreamed of. Doris

was elated by the new, spacious, living-dining room and started sewing drapes and slipcovers. She wasn't one for fancy decor, and Bob was thankful for that. They both liked the simple life with less clutter. Doris framed and hung some of her nicest needlework. It looked great on the freshly papered walls. The girls shared a bedroom. They were relieved to finally have such a beautiful home! Sharing a room was suddenly great, and they busied themselves positioning all their treasures in the available wall space. They could hardly wait to invite friends for an overnight.

Bob and Doris remained in New Braunfels. Bob's health was failing, but he remained the patriarch of the Givens family as he had been since his father died in 1921.

Bob died on Feb. 25, 1997 at his Texas home. He was 84 years old.

Both Mozelle and Kate are living in homes with extended care.

Opal Givens still lives near her daughter, Rose Givens Large.

Rose Emma Henley Givens's great-grandchildren are numerous and, of course, those 'baby boomers' also have little ones; great-great-grandchildren of the elegant, yet homey, young Rose Henley Givens, the mother of nine; the mother of Bob Henley Givens, the boy who was yet a Patriarch!!!! (Doris might say, "the Patriarch who was yet a boy!")

EPILOGUE as of 12-26-96

The Bob Givens family remained in New Braunfels where Bob continued to work and travel for many years. Numerous awards of recognition were given this Texas gentleman. The automotive parts Boosters Club honored him for his many years as a successful salesman. Bob was also a Mason and an active Shrine member for many years.

When Bob died in February of 1997 in New Braunfels, he was an active member of the New Braunfels Presbyterian Church where he and Doris had enjoyed helping other seniors with visits and meals to shut-ins and those less fortunate.

Cynthia lives with her husband, Joe, in Northern California. She works for the California Parks and Recreation Dept. Cynthia and Joe Larkin live in the hills and both love horses. They have won cups and ribbons for competing in endurance treks. They actually raised horses for a while, and Cindy has instructed many a young rider.

Phyllis and her husband, Larry Friesenhahn, live near Doris in New Braunfels, Tx. The Friesenhahn are long time residents of the area. Phyllis and Larry have two children, Barbie and Bobby. It has been a special joy for Bob and Doris to have them nearby.

Wayne and his wife, Mary, also live in the San Antonio area. Mary has two children from a previous marriage. Wayne works

The Partarch of the Diamond G

in his own business across the road from his father's place in New Braunfels.

Virginia Graves Webb, Doris' sister, still lives nearby.

After Bob retired, he tried farming and raising cattle. He, Wayne, and Larry have fought the elements and braved stubborn animals. Bob once was attacked by a cow when he tried to separate her from her calf.

Deer sometimes visit the little ranch called the 'Diamond G' (named for the brand on his great grandfather's logs). Bob had a special way with these guests when they visited. The animals seemed to know that they were no longer shot for food and felt safe when Bob occasionally offered cracked corn.

Two dogs remain close to the ranch style house. Barbie and Bobby have dogs, also, as well as horses. Phyllis and Barbie sometimes enjoy riding together. They both enjoy the outdoors. Phyllis is an elementary school teacher.

A few cattle graze the grasses and a commendable quiet prevails at the 'Diamond G'.

Along the Black Water River in Northern Florida some of the water-soaked timbers may still be buried in the mucky river bottom. A few years back teams dug out some with the brand 'DIAMOND G'!

The following Obituary appeared in The New Braunfels, San Antonio, and the Dallas newspapers.

Robert Henley Givens

Robert Henley Givens passed to his heavenly reward Feb. 25, 1997, at the age of 84 years, at his home, south of New Braunfels, Comal County, Texas. He is survived by his lovely wife, Doris Graves Givens; three children, son Wayne Alexander Givens and his wife Mary, Mary's two children, April and Blaine; daughter Cynthia and husband Joe Larkin; daughter Phyllis and husband Larry Luke Friesenhahn and their children, Barbie May Friesenhahn, and Robert Givens Friesenhahn; sisters Mozelle Givens Greer and Susie Kate Givens Tatum and sister-in-law Virginia Graves Webb. Some of the activities Mr. Givens participated in from time to time during his lifetime were Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity, Southern Baptist Church, The

Epilogue as of 12-26-96

Presbyterian Church. He was an active member of the New Braunfels Presbyterian Church. Life member of Automotive Booster Club B48 International Automotive Affiliated Representative International, 50 years; member of Masonic Lodge 1150, Dallas, Texas, 50 year member Scottish Rite and 50 year member Shrine as of 1997 and Guadalupe Valley Shrine Club. He also served 33 months as active combat air crewman during World War II instructing personnel in flight, discharged as First Class Aviation Radioman. After 40 years active duty with Hirsig-Frazier Co. Inc. the founding partner member of 1940, retired to his ranch in Comal County.

Services were held at The New Braunfels Presbyterian Church. Interment followed at The Guadalupe Valley Memorial Park.

Since the above was written, Susan Kate Givens Tatum died in a home near Mobile, Alabama. She is buried in Andalusia.

GIVENS & HENLEY FAMILY TALES

Further evidence of Givens and Henley Families' creativity handed down by generous story tellers & genealogist.

"The story goes that"—————

Several incidents occurred before Robert Henley Givens was born (May 1912). These stories are family 'tales'. Exact details are not known.

- 1) This story was told to Rose Henley by the family black 'nanny'. Young King Crittendon Henley was a boy of four when Sherman's troops ravaged Georgia. The soldiers tore the coat off the child. K. C. Henley was the oldest of Rose's brothers. Other stories about Robert's Uncle King concern this interesting man's involvement in the 'Rough Riders'.
- 2) The Givens great grandfather Robert Givens was killed by a bear. The story (one version) is that 'Old Bob' was 96 years old when he went out alone to hunt. He shot a

bear but only wounded him. The bear apparently attacked him. He fought off the bear with a hunting knife. Both bear and "Old Bob" were later found dead in the woods. The rifle and the hunting knife were nearby.

There is some doubt as to whether the Bob Givens killed by the bear was the great grandfather of Robert Henley Givens or the great-great grandfather. The story is the same, but the age of 'Old Bob' would be a bit different, making it easier to believe.

There are other stories about a Robert Givens which may or may not involve the same 'Old Bob' or the same family line, so they are not related here. We do have family records of the births of the first three children born to Robert Givens (later known as 'Old Bob') and his wife, Rebecca. They lived in Mecklenburg, North Carolina when Joseph Harwell Givens was born on Feb. 10, 1832 and when John Witherspoon Givens, was born in Feb. of 1836. A third son, James Robert Givens was also a native of North Carolina. James Robert was born Oct. 18, 1847 (date was smeared in family records). A daughter, Sara Rebecca Givens, was born on Oct. 15, 1845. We think, perhaps, she was born after the family had moved to Apalachicola, Florida where Uncle Bud remembered his grandparents lived when he was a small boy. (Uncle Bud was John Heziriah Givens, older brother to James Alexander Givens, Robert's father.) Uncle Bud remembered sitting on the front porch of his grandparents' small house in Apalachicola and listening to the old man telling tales about his life as a timberman. Grandpa Bob and Grandma Rebecca Givens loved their children and grandchildren, and sometimes spent long hours with them. Their lives had been very difficult since they left the fertile land in North Carolina. Only hard work and determination had allowed them to survive. Anything they could share to help the young ones would be clearly spoken or patiently taught by example. "This is no easy life, boys," 'Old Bob' would say, "but I know you have what it takes." Living nearby was a grand advantage for the sons of John Witherspoon Givens. The seven boys were all quick to learn from these loving persons who were their grandparents.

3) John Witherspoon Givens, (Robert H. Givens' grandfather) born 2-17-1836 was living in Florida during the Civil War. He joined the Rebel troops. He fought in the battle of Pensacola and was captured. After being held in a prisoner camp by the Union troops, he was approached by that army to gain his freedom by hunting for food in the nearby countryside. John was familiar with the area and accepted the opportunity. He went out to hunt for game to feed the Union troops and the Confederate prisoners. Later, when he was asked to join the Union forces, he did.

John W. Givens must have been about 29 years old when he entered the Confederate army. The Civil War started in 1861 and lasted until 1865.

After the war, J. W. Givens applied for and received a small pension from the U. S. for his service. The family does have records of the pension. The service records listed John Witherspoon Givens as a Private, Company B, 1st regiment, Florida Volunteer Cavalry, Civil War. In an affidavit executed by the veteran on July 2, 1896, he stated that he never served in the Confederate States Army. The claim for a pension was allowed; he did receive a small pension until his death. He served the Union army in the 1st Florida Mounted Infantry; this after he had been conscripted into the Confederate Army and captured at the battle of Pensacola (Fla.). Or so the story goes. We know, of course, that John Witherspoon Givens and Amanda McGill Givens (known also as Nancy Ann Amanda McGill) were married on Jan. 13, 1859, in Apalachicola, Fla. Escambia County. Amanda and John had the following children:

- 1) *Laura Ann Givens; born Oct. 26, 1859, died in 1910 (other information states Amanda Givens as the first-born)*
- 2) *John Heziriah Givens; born Mar. 17, 1862*
- 3) *James Alexander Givens; born Jan. 19, 1867. Who married Rose Henley Givens and was the father of Robert H. Givens.*

- 4) *William Sherman Givens; born Aug. 25, 1869*
- 5) *Joseph Hiram Givens; born Feb. 28, 1872*
- 6) *Henry Tomas Givens; born Sept. 29, 1874*
- 7) *Greenberry Hamilton Givens; born May 18, 187?*
- 8) *Gerald Elisha Givens; born April 20, 1882*

John Witherspoon Givens' wife, Amanda was 64 years old in 1903. She died shortly afterwards. John married his second wife, Alice Fralish, in Blue Springs, Alabama on Dec., 2, 1907. She was 35 yrs. old..

- 4) There was an incident at a crossroad near the Florida/Alabama line. This involved the store owner's daughter and one of the Givens brothers (Alex's brother).

John H. Givens was holding public office at the time. He was planning to move the road so that it wouldn't go by the store. He was ambushed by the store owners. Neighbors and family searched for him with dogs. They rescued John H. Givens but before he could leave, Alex Givens (Robert's father) was shot in the leg. He was left alone for some time before he was rescued.

When the buckshot was removed, they were unable to get it all, perhaps, because of the swelling. He limped the rest of his life.

- 5) Alex bought out Joe Givens' partner (named Elliot) in the turpentine business. Joe Givens became the senior partner and Alex the junior partner. It was less than a year later (about 1906 or 1907) that Joe Givens was murdered. He was home at the time napping in the breeze way of his home. As was the case of many area homes of that day, the house was built in two parallel sections with a long hall or breeze way between the two sections. This gave the people an open area where a summer breeze might cool the area. Details of the tragedy are not known, but the case was investigated and never brought to trial. Family members were apparently home at the time. The judge said there was not enough evidence to bring anyone to trial. Rose Givens was never comfortable with this decision and insisted that

her children never visit with their cousins nor with their mother. The cousins were friends; the severe restriction was hard for the children, but they apparently tried to obey the edict. This fact is probably one reason that we have very few records of the Givens family outside of Rose and James Alexander's family.

After the untimely death of his brother, Joe, Alex Givens took over the management of the business in addition to his own businesses in lumber, timber, and related commodities in the gum and turpentine industry. Alex was responsible for maintaining the business until his brother, Joe's estate was settled in 1921.

Alex Givens died on June 30, 1921. He had suffered for at least 3 years with pernicious anemia. His family were angered by his time and energies being consumed by the details of his late brother's business affairs. When the estate of Joe Givens was finally settled, John H. Givens, the oldest of Alex's brothers, was made executor.

THE HENLEY FAMILY

Martha Angeline King was the daughter of Joseph King, a Baptist minister from Rutherford County, N.C., who later moved to Georgia. The father of Joseph King was Benjamin King, a Baptist minister and one of the founders of The First Baptist Church of Hendersonville, N. C. Benjamin King was born in Feb. 1777. The minister married Rebecca Shipman (born 15-11-1777).

Martha Angeline King's mother was Mary Amanda Lynch. She was born in Rutherford Co., N.C. on Oct. 20, 1819.

Samuel King, native of Virginia, served in Virginia as private in Captain Peter Bryan's (Brian) Company, the 11th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. David Morgan and Lt. Col. Febiga. He enlisted 12-9-1776 and is on muster roll for Sept. 1777 with notation, "prisoner." The DAR marker is in Mud Creek Baptist Church Cemetery. On the courthouse lawn in Hendersonville is a list of Revolutionary Soldiers of Henderson County, N.C. Samuel King was born 2-1-1748 in Virginia and died in Henderson County, N.C. in 1829. His wife was Elizabeth Underwood Davenport, born Sept. 1749 in Virginia. She died in Hendersonville, N.C. in 1834.

Re. The following records:

The King Family- American Revolution #534107
—Samuel King - #131844- Adjutant General of
Army Records.

Further information about the King and Henley lineage
is found on chart #413, lineage of Angeline
Givens Taylor, Rose Emma Henley Givens'
daughter.

Angelyn G. Taylor spent many days and hours on trips with
her cousins, Angie, Pearl And Martiel Henley, and with her
friend, Anne Albritton, as they searched for records and
tombstones to substantiate the names, ages, births and deaths of
the numerous King, Henley, Givens and Taylor ancestors. They
enjoyed the excitement, seeing new places and meeting new
people, but not to say they didn't take the searching seriously.
They each enjoyed the actual history of the project, carefully
attending to all, even minute, details.

Abram Stanley Henley (born 6-8-1836 in Randolph County,
North Carolina) married Martha Angeline King (born
11-28-1839) in Henderson Co., N.C. The two were married April
23, 1859. Rose Emma Henley was the youngest of their ten
children.

Records show that Abram S. Henley enlisted June 15, 1861 at
Brevard, North Carolina as a private, Company E, 25th North
Carolina Infantry, Confederate States Army (Abram was Rose
Henley Givens' Father and Grandfather of Angeline Givens
Taylor and Robert Henley Givens).

Abram was promoted to 3rd Lieutenant, same organization
(Confederate States Army) Aug. 1862; promoted to 2nd
Lieutenant, 12th of May 1863. The company muster roll dated
July and August 1863 shows him present. His name appears on a
register containing Rosters of Commissioned Officers;
Provisional Army Confederate States showing that he resigned
Oct., 16, 1863.

A hand-written note at the bottom of the file (" A-911 and
History-dated 10/3/1949) (copy) says "Did Not Believe in
Slavery." No signature was added to this notation, so it is
difficult to know who added this information. It could be that
Abram S. Henley resigned his commission in the Confederate
Army because he did not believe in slavery. The war was
beginning to be more about slavery as it progressed.

Another explanation for Abrams' leaving the Confederate
Army is indicated in notes from Walter Henley. Walter states
that "Abram S. Henley suffered a gunshot wound to the head and
was hospitalized in Richmond, Virginia." Notation of this
incident is included in later notes about the Henley Family.
Walter is another cousin of Angelyn's.

Abram was supposedly hospitalized for a head wound at the
hospital in Brevard, N.C. Records show that he "resigned" from
the Confederate army. Actually, his name was on a list which
states "the following officers resigned". Perhaps future research
will reveal the true story of this family hero. (We can't be sure, at
this time, what the exact facts are about Abram's return to civilian
life. Dates from the papers will undoubtedly lead us to a better
understanding of the veteran's actions once we are able to put the
facts in chronological order.)

If, indeed, he did resign his commission because he was
against slavery, then that fact could have set the stage for the
union of the Henley and Givens families, namely, the marriage of
Rose Emma Henley to James Alexander Givens. John
Witherspoon Givens, Alex's father, did not believe in slavery.
Rose's father, Abram Stanley Henley, was known to be a minister
and the notation on the family records states "He did not believe
in slavery." We certainly know that both Rose and Alex were
from families with several ancestors who were preachers or
ministers. The denominations vary. Although records show that
most of the Givens and Henley families were Baptists, several
ancestors on both sides were Quakers.

Walter Henley's notes state that "Our ancestor, Abram S.
Henley lived a life closely parallel to that of the male hero in the
recent novel, Cold Mountain (by Charles Frazier). He left his
wife, Grandma, Angeline King Henley, and a four months old
baby to fight the war. He suffered a gunshot wound to the head,
was furloughed in the middle of the war and never returned to the
Confederate States Army. His four months old baby, King
Crintendon Henley, lived on to fight in or participate in the
Spanish American War, the Indian conflicts, the Mexican Border
Conflicts and WW1."

After reading Walter's notes on the Henley family, I decided
to read Cold Mountain. It is, indeed, about a soldier from the
same area of the country and under similar circumstances during
the Civil War. The author might well have found information

The Partiarck of the Diamond G

about our relative and incorporated it into his moving novel. We do know, however, that Abram S. Henley did survive. He was married to Martha Angeline King before the war and they had at least two of their ten children in North Carolina before a move to Macon, Georgia, where the third child, Joseph Henry Lee, was born in 1864. The youngest of their brood of ten was Rose Emma Henley. Rose was the mother of the nine Givens children, including Bertha, Charlie, Louise, Angeline, Marie, Mozelle, Robert, Kate, and Stanley.

We know from the results of research done by Pearl Henley Sample and her cousin, Angelyn Givens Taylor, that the parents of Abram S. Henley were Henry Henley (born sept. 1808, died Sept. 1882) and Nancy Steed (born June 1810, Randolph Co., N.C.). The parents of Abram's wife, Martha Angeline King, were the Rev. Joseph King and Mary Amanda Lynch. The King family were ministers and founders of The First Baptist Church of Hendersonville, N.C.. Abram and Martha Angeline had ten children in all, four boys and six girls. Rose was the youngest child, "The Baby." Susie was six years old when Rose was born on Dec. 1, 1878 in Dalton, Ga.

Abram Stanley Henley was born on June 8, 1836, in Randolph County, N.C. He married Martha Angeline King on April 23, 1859. Abram was a printer and also a farmer. He and his wife belonged to the Baptist Church. Abram served in the Confederate army during the Civil War. He was the son of Henry Henley and Nancy Steed.

Martha Angeline King Henley was born Nov. 28, 1839 in Hendersonville, N.C. She was the daughter of Rev. Joseph King and Mary Amanda Lynch. She is known to have lived in N.C., Ga., and Florida. She and Abram had ten children. They were the following:

1. (F) *Amanda Loretta*; Born: 18 Feb. 1860, Hendersonville, N.C.
Died: 19 Mar. 1860
2. (M) *King Crittendon*; Born: 19 June 1861, Hendersonville, N.C.
Mar: *Hattie* ————??
Died: La Jolla, Ca.
3. (M) *Joseph Henry Lee*; Born: 21 June 1864, Macon, Ga.
Mar: 28 Oct. 1886, Mary Matilda Sweeny
Died: 1924, Bradley, Ala. Esc. County.
Buried: Blackwater Cemetery
4. (F) *Maty Louise*; Born: 24 Sept. 1866, Tilton, Ga.
Mar: Tomas Frazier
Died: Knoxville, Tenn.

The Henley Family

- 5 (M) *Charles Dickinson*; Born: 17 Jan. 1869, Tilton, Ga.
Mar: 1st Gatsie Chesnut. 2nd Lelia Leigh Parker
Died: 1948, Selma, Ala., Dallas county.
Bur: Bradley Cemetery, Escambia County, Ala.
- 6 (M) *Walter Manning*; Born: 14 March 1873, Tilton, Ga.
Mar: Adoline Smith
Died: De Funiak Springs, Fla.
Buried: Gum Creek Cemetery.
- 7 (F) *Susan Virginia*; Born: 30 Jan. 1873, Dalton, Ga.
Died: Montgomery, Ala., Jackson Hospital (unmarried)
- 8 (F) *Grace Chester*; Born: 26 Jan. 1875, Dalton, Ga.
Mar: 1906 Samuel Alexander Hart
Died: 16 Nov. 1923 Covington County, Ala.
Bur: Pleasant Home Cemetery.
- 9 (F) *Nancy Elizabeth*; Born: 10 OCT. 1876, Dalton, Ga.
Died: Oct. 1876, Dalton, Ga.
- 10 (F) *Rose Emma*; Born: 1 Dec. 1879, Dalton, Ga.
Mar: 21 May 1899, James Alexander Givens.
Died: 1958, Andalusia, Ala.
Bur. Laurel Hill Fla. Alamaran Cemetery.

ROSE GIVENS' DESCENDANTS

When Rose Givens died in 1958, in Andalusia, Alabama, she had eighteen grandchildren. Louise and Glynn Jones had four sons and a daughter:

Glynn Jones Jr.

Douglas Jones

Rose Angelyn Jones —?

Twins, Randolph and Roderick Jones

Angelyn and Perkins Taylor had two daughters:

Dorothy Taylor Pippin

Claudia Taylor Brown

Marie and A. B. Jeffery had three sons and a daughter:

William Jeffery

Francis Jeffery

Diane Jeffery Robinson

Arthur Jeffery

Robert and Doris Givens had three children:

Wayne Givens

Cynthia Givens Larkin

Phyllis Givens Friesenhahn

Kate and 'Red' Tatum had two sons:

Alexander Tatum

Al Tatum

Stanley and Opal Givens had two children:

Rose Givens Large

Gerald Givens

Bertha was married to Herman Moll. The couple had no children, but Herman had 2 daughters from his first marriage.

Mozelle was married to Haynes Greer. They had no children.

Charlie Givens never married.

DORIS GRAVES GIVENS FAMILY HISTORY

Doris Graves Givens was born in Dallas, Texas on
June 24, 1917.

Her parents were:

Father; Henry Ellis Graves, born Dec. 27, 1880

Mother; Maude Gertrude Brown Graves, born, Jan 9, 1881;
Belton, Bell County, Texas

Virginia Graves was born March 20, 1912 in Dallas,
TX.

Doris Graves was born May 24, 1917 in Dallas, TX.

Doris Graves married Robert Henley Thomas Givens in
Dallas, Texas ; September 27, 1946

Children are:

Wayne Givens, born 1947;

Cindy Givens Larkin, born 1949;

Phyllis Givens Friesenhahn, born 1951

Grandchildren:

Children of Larry and Phyllis Friesenhahn;

Barbie Friesenhahn

Bobby Friesenhahn.

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George Graves, Doris' cousin, furnished the following information on the Graves Family Group records. The comments are also by George (Bud) Graves.

Henry Ellis Graves,

Born; 12-27-80, Belton, Bell county, Texas

Married; 7-4-1911, Dallas, Dallas County, Texas

Died; 3-16-1963, New Braunfels, Comal County, Texas

Buried; Guadalupe Valley Memorial Park

Guadalupe County, Texas

Occupations; Newspaper printer and Stereotype

Church affiliation; Presbyterian

Military service; None

Father; George Robert Graves, Sr.

Mother; Mary Frances Kennedy

Wife's maiden name; Maude Gertrude Brown

Born; 1-9-1881, Glenrose, Somervell County, Texas

Died; 3-16-1978, New Braunfels, Texas

Buried; Guadalupe Valley Memorial Park,
Guadalupe County, Texas

Occupations; Secretarial and office work

Church affiliation; Presbyterian

Father; John Robert Brown

Mother; Willie Alice

Comments:

Henry Ellis Graves was a traveling photographer before getting into the printing business.

Maude Gertrude Brown was born on a farm in Glenrose, Texas. She had two brothers and three sisters.

The brothers were named Albert (1876-1955), and Charlie (1892-1946). The sisters were Bertha, Vivian, and Adeline.

Maude's parents died young, and an Uncle Jake Wilson came to take the young Brown children back to his home. He already had two girls of his own.

Doris Givens' Family History

Maude taught school in Ravia, Oklahoma before coming to Dallas, Texas where she later met Henry.

Family Group Record; Doris Graves' Grandparents

George Robert Graves, Sr.;

Born 3-11-1848 Franklin, Williamson Co., Tennessee

Married 9-6-1877, Belton, Bell Co., Texas

Died 8-10-1911, Dallas, Dallas Co, Texas

Buried; Greenwood Cemetery, Dallas, Texas

Occupations; Carpenter, Building Contractor

Church affiliation;

Military service ; Civil War, Co. F., 3rd Wisconsin
Infantry

Mother;

Father;

Wife's Maiden Name; Mary 'Mollie' Frances Kennedy,

Born; 5-22-1859, Brenham, Washington Co., Texas

Died; 1-30-1941, Dallas, Texas

Buried; Oakland Cemetery, Dallas, Texas

Occupations, School Teacher

Church affiliation; St. John's Methodist Church, Dallas

Father; Sidney Madison Kennedy

Mother; Martha Ann Elizabeth Adkins

Children of George Robert Graves and Mary Frances
Kennedy Graves were;

Ida Lee

Born; 7-13-1878, Belton, Bell Co., Texas

Henry Ellis

Born; 12-27-1880, Belton, Bell Co., Texas

Alice Beatrice

Born; 2-3-1885, Kerens, Navarro Co., Texas

Mattie Ann

Born; 1-21 1886, Kerens, Navarro Co., Texas

George Robert, Jr.

The Patriarch of the Diamond G

Born; 2-10-1888, Kerens, Narvarro Co., Texas
Queen Easter,
Born; 1-15-1890, Dallas, Texas
Thelma Rose
Born; 7-30-1897, Dallas, Texas

Comments:

George Robert Graves, Sr., born in Tennessee, served two hitches in the U.S. Army. The first was with the Wisconsin Infantry from 1863 to 1865, during the Civil War. He reenlisted in 1866 and served until 1869. He went by the name William Weaver, an alias. The people of Tennessee had divided loyalties between the Confederacy and the Union.

Mary Frances Kennedy regularly rode her horse to a one-room log-cabin school in the backwoods of Brenham, Texas. She was a favorite of her teacher, Miss Mollie Burns, who often called on Mary to help with the younger children. Mary's siblings teased her by calling her Miss Mollie. When Miss Burns retired, Mary Frances was selected to replace her schoolmarm. Thereafter, many of her students began calling her Miss Mollie. The nickname caught on and in later life, some family members and friends called her Mollie. Surprisingly, the name Miss Mollie F. Kennedy appears on her marriage license. Also, she is listed as Miss Mollie F. Graves on the 1880 U.S. census for Bell County, Texas.

Sometime between 1873 and 1877, Mary Frances moved to Belton, Texas where she met and married George Robert Graves, Sr. in 1877. Between 1880 and 1884, George and Mary and their two children, Ida and Henry, moved to Kerens, Texas where Alice, Mattie, and George Jr. were born. About 1890 the Graves family moved to Dallas where Easter and Thelma were born.

The Family of Doris' mother, Willie Alice Wilson Brown, is listed as following;

John Robert Brown
Born, 1856
Died, 1903

Doris Givens' Family History

Willie Alice Brown
Born, 1855:
Died, 1905

Their nine children were as following;

- Albert Lee Brown, 1876-1955
Jack Brown, 1880-1904
Infant boy 1896-1897
Adeline Brown, 1898-1915
Bertha Brown (Nolley) 1888-1970
Charlie Brown, 1892-1946
Jessie Brown, 1885-1907
Maude Brown (Graves), 1881-1978
Vivian Brown (Hobusch), 1893-1985

Doris and Virginia have kept in touch with a few of the cousins:

Gwendolyn Baum Russell Born in Kansas City 12- 31- 09
Madeline Welch Smith Born Okla. Born 1915; Died 8- 31- 1983
Doris Graves Givens Born Dallas, 6- 24- 1917
Virginia Graves Webb Born Dallas, 3- 20- 1912

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Great grandparents of Doris and Virginia were:

Sidney Madison Kennedy,

Martha Ann Elizabeth Adkins, 'Mattie'.

Martha Ann 'Mattie' was

Born in Apalachicola, Florida in 8-17-1830.

She married Sidney Kennedy in Apalachicola, Florida in 1846.

Sidney was a horse rancher, who had served in the Civil War, Co. F, 21st Reg., Texas Cavalry, C S A

Comments:

Sidney, a man of the sea, had sailed such routes as from Mexico to Spain. He quit the seaman's life to marry Martha in 1846. Around 1850 they migrated to Texas, probably by sea. After arriving in Galveston, they proceeded to Brenham, purchased land and raised horses. They also raised 5 children.

It is said that Martha, a strict mother, threatened to give the children to the Indians if they misbehaved. When Indians, occasionally, did come by the cabin, perhaps asking for food, the Kennedy children would run and hustle under the bed to hide until it was again safe.

Sidney was thirty-nine when he joined the Texas Cavalry in 1862. The army reimbursed him for furnishing his own horse, gun and saddle.

The unit saw action in Texas, La., Ark., Missouri, and Indian Territories.

Children of Sidney and Martha Kennedy were:

Thomas Madison

Born 7-22-1854),

Robert A. (Born 1-4-1856),

Elizabeth Betty (Born 10-1-1857),

Mary Frances (Born 5-22-1859),

Sidney Bell (Born 7-27-1869).

All the children were born in Brenham, Washington County, Texas (Mary Frances was Doris' Givens Grandmother).

Doris Givens' Family History

Sidney died in 1868.

Martha later married George Washington Tipton, Jr.. He had previously worked for Sidney on the horse ranch. George had served the C S A in the Civil war in Co. C, 60th Georgia Infantry. He helped Martha with the ranch, the horses and finances. The two were married in 1872.

The couple had one son, George Lafayette born 7-10-1878 in Belton, Texas where the whole family had relocated. They later moved to Sunset, Texas, where Martha died in 1913. George died in 1924 in Memphis, Texas.

The Family Photo Album



Rose Henley Givens, about 1941



Robert & Doris Givens



Wayne Givens



**Phyllis & Larry
Friesenhahn**



Robert & Doris Givens



Wayne Givens



Cindy & Joe Larkin



**Phyllis Givens
Friesenhahn**



**Barbie
Friesenhahn**



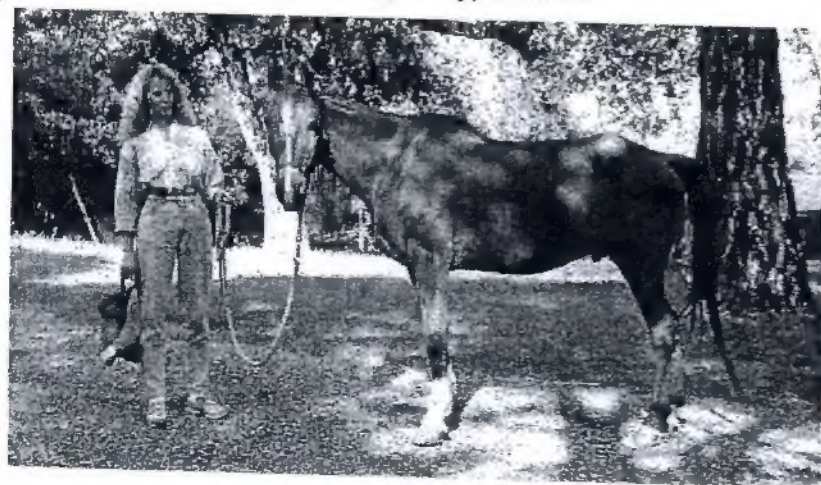
**Bobby
Friesenhahn**



Back Row:
Joe Larkin,
Dozier Simmons,
Cindy Larkin,
Doris Givens,
Joe Large,

Front Row:
Gerald Givens,
Amanda Simmons,
Olivia Simmons,
Robert Givens,
Opal Givens,
Rose Large

Cynthia (Cindy) Larkin



**Dozier,
Angelyn, Bill
D., Dottie,
Darwin
holding Olivia
& Anna,
Angelyn G. T.,
Reese III,
Dorothy
holding
Amanda**



**L.-Perkins
Taylor**



**R.-Dorothy,
Angelyn G.
Taylor, &
Claudia**

**Dorothy T.
Pippin, Reese
Brown III,
Angelyn Pippin,
Dottie Pippin,
Marjorie Brown,
Angelyn G.
Taylor, Mary
Angelyn Brown,
Reese Brown, Sr.,
Robert Perkins
Brown**





Alma Peacock Amderson, Rose Givens Large, Stanley Givens, Opal Peacock Givens, Mae Peacock Bevis, Belser Bevis, Angelyn G. Taylor, Children: Jena Louise Large



Amanda Simmons, Olivia Simmons, & David Patrick



Amanda, Olivia, Angelyn G. Taylor, & Anna Dyas. AGT and great granddaughter, Anna share a May 6 birthday.



Above: Reese Brown, Jr., Reese III, Mary Angelyn Brown (Patrick), Steve Patrick, Christopher & David Patrick

Below: Steve, Mary, Robert Brown, Jean Kutner, David & Chris



The Patriarch of the Diamond G



Dorothy Taylor Pippin



Perkins Taylor



**Claudia T. Brown,
Cindy Givens Larkin**

**Below: Angelyn P.
Simmons, Peggy Jeffery,
Jessica Robinson, Dottie
Castleberry, Bill Jeffery,
Claudia Brown**



The Family Photo Album



**Dottie, Jeff,
& Taylor
Castleberry,
Anna Dyas**



Bill Jeffery



Diane Jeffery, ages 2 & 8



Little Log Church & Sunday School

